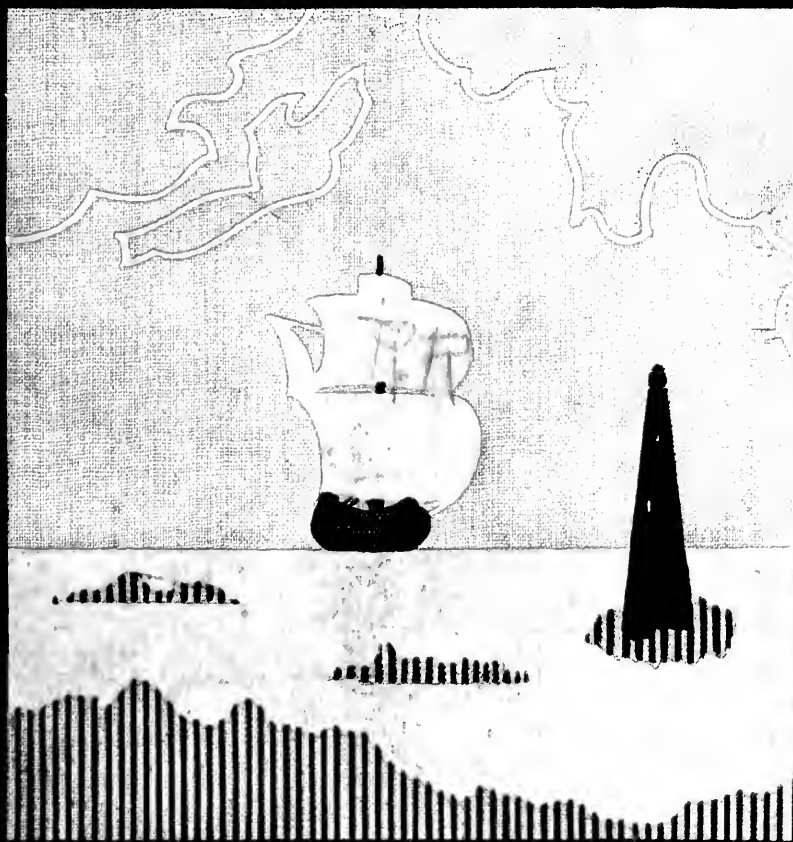


PRINCESS AND PILGRIM IN ENGLAND



·CAROLINE·SHELDON·



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IN ENGLAND



THE MASTER OF RUGBY.

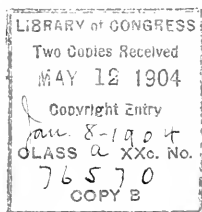
PRINCESS AND PILGRIM IN ENGLAND

BY

CAROLINE SHELDON



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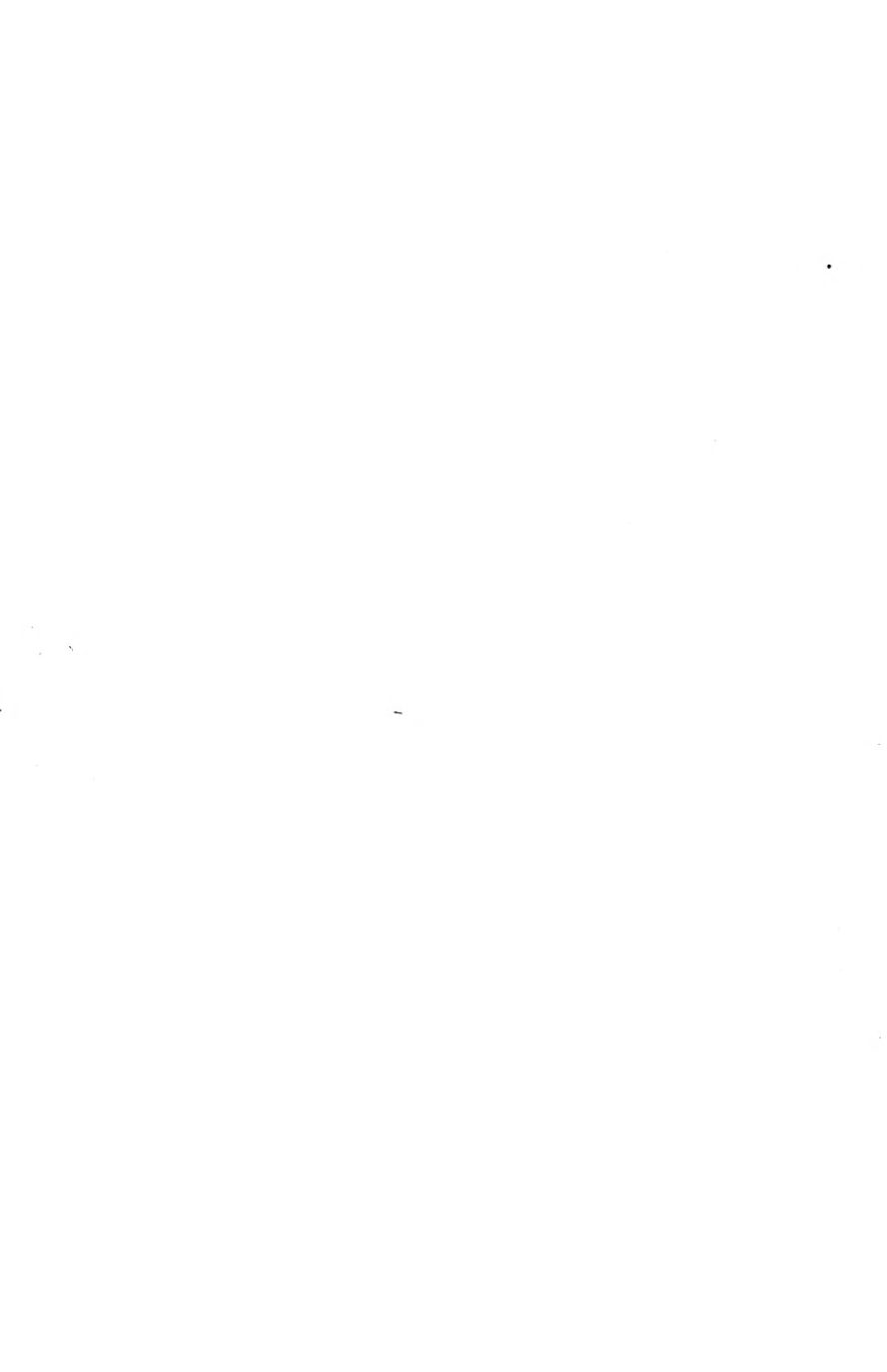
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“Coelum non animum mutant qui trans
mare currunt.”

HORACE, EPISTOLA X.

“When I was at home I was in a better
place, but travelers must be content.”

“AS YOU LIKE IT.”



PRINCESS AND PILGRIM IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

CHIEFLY INTRODUCTORY.

Princess and I have traveled much together, by land and sea, in sunshine and in storm, in far countries and in our own beloved land. We know all each other's little ways—a most desirable thing for traveling companions; better still, we have learned not to waste time and energy in trying to make each other over; we have further learned to avoid friction by refraining from the pernicious practice of trying to make each other comfortable according to the ideas of the experimenter without regard to the taste of the victim.

If Princess chooses to go to bed at eight o'clock, she does so; quietly and peaceably, without ostentation or unpleasant display of virtue. She never makes disagreeable remarks about persons who burn candles, oil,

or gas to unseemly hours of the night, nor is she ever guilty of hinting that early rising is conducive to health, wealth and wisdom. (My respect for Benjamin Franklin would be far greater if he had never written that mean little rhyme; it is the one manifestation of weakness on the part of an otherwise powerful intellect).

If more persons would adopt the amiable plan of the Princess, doubtless many divorces might be avoided. However, this is mere theory, founded upon observation only, not reinforced by experience.

I have conferred upon this friend of mine the title of Princess because she has an air, not arrogant, but with a nameless flavor of distinction, which causes railway officials, servants, hotel porters, and the rest of their tribe, to attend with cheerful readiness to her slightest wish. With myself all is different. These persons treat me politely and comply rather promptly with my requests, but always with a touch of condescension, as if they considered me an untaught, inexperienced

person, astray from home, and unable without aid to find way back.

We are both fond of purple and fine linen, though we own little of either; but Princess is aristocratic in a golf skirt, a shirt-waist, and a sailor hat, whereas I, in such attire, look like a parlor-maid out of a place. She is canny and thrifty; I, on the other hand, but for her restraining influence, should probably spend my all on fascinating old books, photographs, and casts, being thereby reduced to beg my way home.

Princess never really objects to the books, on the contrary, she often encourages me to buy good ones; but occasionally, mindful of the limited space in our three-room suite, she looks disapprovingly at some rather large cast, which she thinks I meditate buying, and says in low, even, but expressive tones—

“Peregrina, where do you think of putting that object when you get it home?”

We have crossed the ocean together many times; now on fast steamers, occasionally on slow ones; sometimes in the first cabin; again, in the second; and we have even gone

so far as to consider trying the steerage, "just for once."

This is the way the idea came to us. With a view to economizing and at the same time shortening the agonies of sea-sickness for Princess, who, despite much paying of tribute, has never been able to put herself on a friendly footing with the powers of the deep, we had taken up our quarters in the second cabin of an "ocean greyhound."

The first cabin people seemed to be having rather a dull time. We did not hear of any celebrated actress among them, any American heiress who had recently invested in a title, nor yet of a *divorcee* or other centre of scandal. Our "betters" sat around on the deck very quietly, not having, apparently, the energy necessary for making explorations "abaft the rail." This is usually a favorite amusement of certain among them, who regard the other persons on board as belonging to a different order of creation from themselves, a sort of zoological collection.

With us, matters were quite different. Across the table from Princess and myself,

there sat at meals a little English variety actress. Her *coiffure* was copied from that of a Scotch terrier, and her h's were scattered all over decks, cabins, companion-ways, and gangways. She flirted indiscriminately with everything masculine that came within her reach; told many anecdotes, credible and otherwise, of her friends and kinsfolk in "the profession," and was altogether most amusing and entertaining.

Also, titles not being confined to the first cabin, there was among us a Swedish count, several returning consuls, two Arctic explorers, and clergymen of every denomination known to the church militant. We derived much instruction and entertainment from the conversation and behavior of our fellow voyagers, and only feared that we ourselves were not sufficiently interesting to make an adequate return. One evening the fact was brought home to us that despite all our advantages of location, we might have done better still.

Through the hatchway astern floated up the strains of "Money Musk," played with

much expression and *verve* on a good violin; and, keeping time to the music, was heard the rhythm of dancing feet. The sound did not suggest the languid glide of the fashionable ball-room, but the energetic rush, swing, and stamp of your true dancer, never bored or indifferent, but entering into the joy of the hour with spirit and gaiety. The singing of glees and choruses followed the dancing; and then a girl declaimed to the delight of the audience, if one might judge by the hearty applause.

Feasting our eyes upon the splendors of a June sunset over an opal sea, and the later glories of the moonrise, and listening to this varied program, we agreed that while the second cabin was more interesting than the first, the odds of real enjoyment were with the steerage when the steamer is eastward bound.

Then we bethought ourselves of another steamer in which we had crossed the Atlantic; a slow-moving vessel, whose deliberate progress gave us ample time to learn much of the occupations, dispositions, and

histories of our fellow travelers. On this passage I had, with interest and profit to myself, spent much time on the steerage deck.

There was one child among the passengers in that part of the ship who attracted special attention. She was a little Irish girl, and, her name being unknown to her admirers in the cabin, she was, by common consent, called Katy. She was a tiny creature, five years old perhaps, with a square, undeniably Irish face; she was not pretty, but very attractive, because of the winning smile that revealed dimples in the firm, sun-browned cheeks, kindly curves about the mouth, and a soft glow in the deep blue eyes. Below her short print gown were seen bare, sturdy legs and feet, browned by sun and wind; her head was covered by a little wool shawl, knotted under her chin; and her chubby hands were scrupulously clean.

Katy often played ring-toss all by herself; and so sweet and winsome was the face under the little shawl, that we greatly enjoyed watching the tiny maid at her solitary game. The first time we saw her try, every ring

failed to reach the pole; but, nothing daunted, she began again, and before we left had succeeded in landing each circle exactly where it ought to go.

"That little girl," observed the Preacher, "has three excellent traits: patience, perseverance, and a sunny temper."

We laid the moral to heart, and moved on.

This fashion of naming our fellow passengers according to our fancy is a very convenient one. Doubtless the persons concerned would not recognize themselves under the titles we apply to them, which is well; but we understand each other, and grow to have a kindness for them, names and all; in fact, we are often disappointed to find that their lawful appellations seem to be misfits.

We scarcely ever leave a ship carrying with us anything but kindly thoughts of the people who have shared with us the pleasures, privileges, discomforts and joys of our voyage. Human nature is, in the main, lovable; and unpretentious folk often show each other much good-will when closely associated for

even a short time. Besides, the voyage is a rare one on which we fail to see the beginning of one or more romances, some of which never go beyond the bud, while others blossom under our very eyes; for it is astonishing how the passengers of the same ship meet each other over and over again after landing, and, as every right-minded woman is always interested in a love affair, we are always open-eyed to watch the progress of any that we have noted previously. There is something really beautiful about the feminine interest in matters of this kind. It makes no difference how many matches a woman has seen turn out badly, she always hopes that the next one to come under her observation may result in the ideal fashion. This perennial faith is one of the essential ingredients of the "eternal womanly."

A sea voyage is a continual feast for the eye. The colors of sky and water vary from hour to hour, from moment to moment. I once tried to keep a diary of my voyage in water color, recording the face of each day in a little sketch. The rapid shifting of light,

as clouds drifted across the sky, or the steamer changed her course, made it almost impossible to secure a truthful picture; what was true one moment was false the next. Yet those little sketches, with all their imperfections, bring back the memory of much pure and intense joy, and I would not exchange them for hundreds of "Kodak" views with their machine-like accuracy.

Once, in despair over the inadequacy of my sketches, I gave vent to my feelings thus:

"The sea is grey and mournful,
It is blue as a sapphire fair;
It is regal in Tyrian purple,
Or black with sullen despair.

'Tis outspread in the misty sunset,
A sheet of mother-of-pearl;
It dimples and laughs in the dayshine
Like a merry, roguish girl.

It is green, like a perfect beryl
Built into the heavenly wall;
It glows like a floor of topaz;
It is heavy and dark as a pall.

And over it bend the heavens,
An ever-changing arch,
Through which the cloud-battalions
Sweep, and scurry, and march.

Plateaux of rosy splendor
'Neath peaks of a pearl-built world,
Fling out their crimson banners
And feathery pennons unfurled.

The walls of a city of vision
Are shining and glowing there;
While below them a violet island
Drifts by in the dream-laden air.

No colors have I to match them,
These dazzling hues of the sky;
I will lay away paper and palette,
And put all my brushes by;

And perchance, in the night's still watches,
In a sleep lit by magical gleams,
The sea, for a breath, will be changeless,
And I'll paint it once—in my dreams.

Complaints are often made about the monotony of a sea voyage; but, if the traveler settles down to live during the time of

the passage, instead of regarding it as a period of suspended animation, the journey is full of variety and interest.

We are always eager to see our stewardess and learn what manner of woman she is, because upon her so much of Princess' comfort depends. It must be said that we have always been fortunate in this respect. We have had stewardesses of various nationalities, English, Irish, Scotch, Belgian and Italian, and we are scarcely prepared to say which we have liked best.

Once we had an Irish stewardess who must have kissed the Blarney stone several times, for her flattery was both abundant and tactful, and combined with inexhaustible patience and ingenuity. Of course, we knew that many of the sweet nothings lavished upon us were given with an eye single to our pocketbooks, but, as Marcella hath it, we all like to be "bobbed to," and each of us has a little bit of snobbishness lurking in some unsuspected corner. Moreover, the Irish woman was an artist and did much of her blarneying for the sheer delight of exercis-

ing her talents. Genuine art is always interesting.

There was a Scotswoman on one of the ships of the Anchor Line, who told us to keep our stomachs "warrum and dhry." She also gave us much interesting information, afterward proved correct, about the Scottish school system, and the municipal government of Glasgow. She administered the information in small doses, in the intervals of fetching and carrying to make us comfortable. It was a stormy passage that we made under her care; we had retreated to our room only after being blown out of our chairs by a sudden and powerful gust—"a bim wind," our guardian angel pronounced it—and, as it was several days before we ventured forth again, our "neat-handed Phyllis" did not lack occupation.

I lost my heart entirely to a rosy English woman who carried me through a siege of sea-sickness on one of the steamers plying between Philadelphia and Liverpool. She was a beauty, with silky brown hair, dark gray eyes, a complexion like wild rose petals,

and a voice that would have been a fortune to Lucrezia Borgia. Verily, if that woman had offered me a "cup of cold pizen," assuring me in her velvety chest tones that it would do me "so much good," I should have swallowed the dose without protest, serenely confident that it would work miracles in the way of relieving dizziness in my head, and putting a stop to the compound rotary motion in what had at some prehistoric period been my stomach.

We once had a Belgian stewardess who was as entertaining as a two-ring circus and as hard to keep in sight. She could not read the bill of fare, and invariably forgot my carefully-made French translations, when I ordered meals for the Princess. The results, which were both ludicrous and irritating, occasioned many interviews with that mighty, but good-natured, potentate, the chief steward, and many unpleasant delays in serving the repasts of Her Royal Highness. At last, I took to making, with a pencil, the names of the required articles of food, after which the

commissary department, so far as we were concerned, ran smoothly.

The one Italian stewardess into whose hands we have thus far fallen, was charming. She was pretty to begin with—all stewardesses should be pretty, it's so good for tired eyes to have something agreeable to look at. She had a voice almost as sweet as my Englishwoman's, and the exquisite courtesy that seems the birthright of her race, from the royal family to the peasants of the Campagna and the gondoliers of Venice. This may be insincere, as certain cynics declare, but it is beautiful and wonderfully agreeable. If people are to cheat me, I prefer that they do it with a due observance of polite forms. Moreover, when I sum up my experiences in various lands, I can not remember that I have been deceived and robbed by courteous Italians and polished Frenchmen any more than by gruff Germans and blunt Englishmen; and the Latins have ruffled my temper far less than the Teutons.

In fact, as you will see, the Princess and I set forth upon our little jaunts with quite an

obstinate determination to be pleased and have a good time; and we avoid grumblers and fault-finders as we should a mad dog or the cholera.

It was on our last voyage to England that we came upon our most interesting romance—ours by right of discovery.

We were crossing on a slow steamer, and it was toward the end of the second day. Princess, a trifle unsteady in her gait, had decided to take the air on deck for a little while. I was wondering how she was to be maintained in an upright position while I arranged blankets and cushions in her chair, when a cheery masculine voice with a familiar ring, said,

“Let me help you.”

I looked at the speaker and recognized Ned Andrews, a cousin several times removed, a great friend of ours from childhood. At the same moment he became aware of our identity and continued:

“O, it’s really you. I got hold of a passenger list only half an hour ago, and have been hunting for you ever since. Let me put

Princess in her chair, and then we can explain how we all happen to be here."

So Ned supported Princess while I placed the pillows; then he put her into her chair and tucked the rugs about her, performed the like kind offices for me, after which he perched on the rail near by, one arm wound about a stout rod, and surveyed us with amiable satisfaction.

"I heard you were going to England this summer," he began soon, pushing his dark blue cap back from his face. "But I understood you were going on a Cunarder, and so wasn't looking for you. Where have you kept yourselves? I should think I'd have run over you before this time, there aren't many more than a hundred cabin passengers on board."

"We did think of going on a Cunarder," Princess replied, "but decided that the long voyage would give us a nice rest. I think the Van Ruyters feasted us too abundantly while we were in Philadelphia, for even Peregrina hasn't felt like herself since we started."

Just then Helen Curtis, whose chair with

her aunt's had been placed next ours, came to sit down with us. Of course, we introduced our cousin, and noticed with pleasure his admiring glance at our friend. Helen is such a pretty girl that it would be unpardonable in anyone not to admire her, so we noted with satisfaction that Ned's taste was correct. Helen is a slender girl, with dark hair that even damp weather never renders stringy, deep blue eyes with long dark lashes, and a complexion in which the color comes and goes so quickly that one never knows whether to say she is rosy or pale. She stayed with us only a short time, finding it necessary to pay frequent visits to her aunt, who is always thoroughly miserable on ship-board, and does her best to keep everyone around her from enjoying the voyage.

"Miss Curtis," observed Ned, reflectively, after Helen had gone below; "I don't remember ever hearing you speak of Miss Curtis."

"No," responded Princess, "you never did. She is a friend of the Van Ruyters. When they found that we were all coming on the

same steamer, they invited the four of us to spend a few days with them before sailing. We like Helen very much, but Miss Bradford is a perfect dragon. You'll need to mind your p's and q's when she's about. She thinks any man who is not a graduate of the Boston Latin School and Harvard University is an ignoramus 'absolutely without culture.' You don't happen to have had any ancestors on board the Mayflower, do you? Brush up your genealogical chart, and prepare to be catechised. For, as soon as Aunt Minerva hears you've been introduced to Helen, she'll be looking into your antecedents. 'It is impossible to be too careful about a young girl's acquaintances.' "

Ned laughed at Princess' imitation of Miss Bradford's manner, then he said, slowly—

"She's right to guard her niece carefully. I'm afraid I haven't any Mayflower ancestors, have I? You ought to know."

"Our English ancestors came over in 1630," replied Princess, "and the others were patroons in the Mohawk Valley. You'll find it necessary to stand on your merits, my boy;

you're without aristocratic ancestry, and were educated at a 'fresh water college.' It will test your mettle to get into Aunt Minerva's good graces."

Ned smiled at the Princess with an air of perfect understanding. Soon he began asking questions about our numerous relatives. We, looking at his strong, well-knit figure, his clear, honest gray eyes, and square, determined chin, had not much doubt that Aunt Minerva's prejudices would give way in time. We remembered, too, that Ned usually has what he really wishes to have, if pluck, energy and tact can gain it.

It will be understood from the foregoing remarks that Princess and I already had plans for our two friends. Indeed, after spending a week with the aunt and niece at the Van Ruyters, we had said to each other—

"How perfectly that girl would suit Ned."

To the young man himself, however, we said nothing of the kind, but played upon certain qualities of his, well known to both of us, by telling him of the lion in the way, in the person of the uncompromising aunt.

It will come out all right," said Princess to me in our state room that night, "if we don't spoil matters by getting too eager to help. It's easy to see that he admires her very much already. If Aunt Minerva is only obliged to stay below a good deal they'll be pretty well acquainted by the time we land. Then a little opposition and snubbing from Miss Bradford will rouse Ned, and I'll risk him. Middle-aged women always think him perfection."

"I've never seen many women—or men either—of any age that didn't like Ned, or at least respect him thoroughly," I answered as I turned out the light.

CHAPTER II.

CHESTER.

Old Chester, quiet city by the Dee,

What ancient memories cluster 'round thy name.

While all things change, thy calm is still the same,
The hurry of our time disturbs not thee.

Kingdoms may rise and fall and empires wane;

New lands be found beyond the swelling sea;

But here there comes no thought of loss or gain,

If but thy streets and lanes in quiet be.

Caesar may pass once more with all his train,

Wild rumors rise of fierce, invading Dane;

Charles see his bands dispersed to meet nō more;

Secure thou sittest in thy old-world calm,

Though surging life-tides beat about thy door,

Unmoved by laurel wreath or martyr's palm.

Princess and I had decided to spend the whole summer in England, doing our traveling in a very comfortable leisurely fashion, and Miss Bradford and Helen had decided to be of our company. Ned had come over on some business, but expected to do a little sight-seeing between times, so we had given

him a copy of our itinerary, inviting him to join us whenever it was convenient and agreeable.

Our cousin had been introduced to Miss Bradford only on the last day of the voyage, when the expected catechising had taken place. Nevertheless the young man had made such good use of his opportunities during that half day, that, as we were crossing from Liverpool to Chester by ferry Miss Minerva remarked to me that "Mr. Andrews seemed an excellent young man; such a pity he had not had the advantages of a university training."

We came near lingering at Chester for the entire season. The quiet of the town, its flavor of antiquity, its absolute freedom from worry and bustle, all suited our mood. In our native land, we read the morning paper regularly, and feel aggrieved if the boy who delivers it delays his coming, so that we are unable to learn and discuss, over eight o'clock toast and coffee, the latest news from the remotest quarters of the globe. If our neighbor's puppy, as sometimes happens,

pursues his investigations in advance of ours, and gnaws out the middle of the most interesting articles, great is our wrath, and imminent the danger of destruction overhanging that sprawling young animal. But, after a week or two on shipboard without newspapers, we learn to be quite comfortable, knowing nothing either of the results of the last election or the special attractions on Y's bargain counter. Therefore when we had passed our inspection under the eyes of the polite customs officials at Liverpool, and transferred ourselves and our *impedimenta* to our quaint inn at Chester, we fell very naturally into the ways of the place, and felt that we should be content to abide there for an indefinite period.

On the evening after our arrival we decided to walk around the city walls. They are said to follow the line of Caesar's fortifications, but have been renewed from time to time, so that it is difficult to determine the exact period at which a given part was built, unless the observer is an expert in judging the age of masonry. To an imaginative,

inexact feminine mind, this is rather an advantage than otherwise; the whole structure has a delightful suggestion of by-gone times; and for an especially pleasing spot, one has a range of two thousand years to choose from; while, in order to preserve one's illusions, it is only necessary to refrain from reading those paragraphs in the guide books which deal with dates, and from listening to the remarks of those superfluous individuals who persist in deluging their hearers with unsought information. The best method to pursue with a person of this class is to think about something else while he is talking, and occasionally say "yes," "indeed?" "strange, isn't it?" to prevent his considering too curiously what your state of mind may be. A certain amount of accuracy is necessary for the conduct of life; but one should not be too eager to thrust it upon others. The truth of this conclusion is always especially apparent to me, when I've gone somewhere with Miss Bradford.

It was near sunset when we began our *reconnaissance* of the walls, and before us

lay the long mid-summer twilight of the British Isles. There was a slight suggestion of mist in the air; but armed with umbrellas, we had no fears. (Princess and I had one between us; for, while the natives in most European countries travel with several apparently superfluous protections from sun and rain, besides canes, staffs and alpenstocks tied up in sheaves, we limit ourselves strictly to one umbrella. If, by chance, we start out on a long journey with two, it becomes a point of honor for one of us to lose hers at the earliest opportunity, while it is a misdemeanor for the other to call attention to the loss. This duty performed, we move on light-hearted and joyous over our lessened responsibility.)

We walked tranquilly along the old wall, stopping often to enjoy the views of the Dee, and wonder if any Mary were even then "calling the cattle home." We were not simply drinking in the calm beauty of the landscape, we were steeping our very souls in it, and feeling all fret and strain gradually relax and disappear under the quiet influ-

ences of the soft evening air, and the green meadows bound together by the silver ribbon of the stream. The mist changed to a drizzle and the drizzle to a downpour, but what cared we? We were serenely happy, quite above being disturbed by any such trifle as the necessity of sending jackets, skirts and shoes to the kitchen for drying and freshening.

Even Miss Bradford trudged along cheerfully under the umbrella that Ned held over her with a most devoted air, while Helen followed them, Princess and I bringing up the rear. The aunt forgot even her fears of rheumatism—usually painfully alive—under the genial influence of Ned's attentions, the jokes that swept back and forth, and the laughter rippling about her.

Having reveled in an evening on the walls, we went next morning for our first peep at the cathedral. We always enjoy loafing about a beautiful building, going back time after time for a new view of a favorite spot, gradually becoming acquainted, and making friends with the place. It is the only way to

derive real satisfaction from a great piece of architecture.

Aside from its richly-carved choir stalls, Chester Cathedral has little special interest beyond its connection with Charles Kingsley. Even the presence of the arms of the Prince of Wales (Earl of Chester) and two old flags which touch the American heart because they figured at the battle of Bunker Hill, can hardly draw our thoughts away from the good muscular Christian who was once Canon here, and who would deserve to be remembered by the English-speaking world, even if he had left undone some of his other good deeds, and merely written "Westward Ho" and "Water Babies."

The coat of arms brings back to mind the other Lord of Chester, the Constable Hugo, whom Scott's white magic has recalled from the past to live again in the pages of "The Betrothed." It is old-fashioned to admire Scott now; moreover, it hath been said by no less a person than Mark Twain that gentle Sir Walter's tales of chivalry are responsible for the blood feuds and the dueling of our

border States. Yet I am inclined to wonder, humbly, and with due deference to superior wisdom, whether the minds of the readers were not partly responsible. Boys in New England and the Middle States read the novels and the poems without any such direful results. Possibly there is truth in the remark of one such lad: "Of course, a man ought to be careful what he writes; but, after all, you know, an author isn't responsible if his readers are fools."

Perhaps, "after all," Mark was only joking, and is not responsible if some of his learned reviewers lack a sense of humor.

We had a little discussion on this subject as we stood examining the coats of arms, Aunt Minerva inclining to the great humorist's view, because she knows some men in Cambridge who support it; but Ned said, turning to Princess and myself, "The Waverly novels never hurt us any, did they? Remember how we used to play 'Ivanhoe' in the old barn?"

"Yes, indeed," said Princess; "Sir Walter has given us many innocently happy hours,

though I believe Peregrina has never been reconciled because you boys insisted that she should be Adela Fitz Urse or some other 'fair ladye' instead of putting on the tin armor and figuring as a knight."

To the average American traveler the most attractive parts of England and Scotland are those spots where the men and women of Scott, Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot have played their parts in the dramas arranged for them by their creators. Historians and antiquarians may go on pointing out discrepancies and anachronisms to the end of time; but the men and women we know and love—or hate—are the Margaret of Anjou, the Constance, the King John, the Leicester, the Richards and the Henrys of the two great masters of wizardry, Shakespeare and Scott. It is strange that any one can praise Shakespeare and decry Scott, when it is so plain that Sir Walter is an earnest and loving disciple of King William. What we are pleased to call history is frequently one man's judgment, more or less biased, upon the facts that

he has been able to collect. Your only real history is found in the letters, the documents, the plays, the ballads—even the fiction—of the time considered; and these speak a different language and tell a different story to every reader. Facts and dates we may collect, but the amount of real history that we learn depends upon our human quality, our power to find beneath varying customs and costumes the essential humanity of all climes and ages; upon our realization of the fact that our knowledge of others is only what

“We dimly guess, deciphering [ourselves].”

Most Cathedral services seem bare and inadequate, an impertinent trifling with the solemnity of the building, a feeble effort to call the thoughts of the congregation into a fixed channel from the flights through space and eternity to which they are incited by the soaring pillars and springing arches. To sit in a great cathedral and let one's soul lie open to its influences, aided by the roll of the organ, and perhaps the chanting of unseen choristers—if it be very good and not too

near—is quite enough. Anything else breaks the spell by a touch of the commonplace.

It is sometimes said that when a person has seen one cathedral he has seen them all, there is no need of visiting others. It might as well be said that when he has seen one human being he doesn't need to know any others. Every cathedral has a marked individuality and a special message of its own. Then, too, people have a foolish habit of asking you which cathedral you like best; just as they ask you, with equal foolishness, who is your favorite author—as if it could be the same one all the time.

I know a lady—a good Christian, irreproachable in her daily walk and conversation, a model wife and mother, and a benediction to the community in which she lives—who avers that every married woman should have two husbands; one, for the wear and tear of every-day life, a sheet anchor in periods of stress and storm, and another, for dress rehearsals and social functions, who could, between times, be wrapped up in pink

cotton and camphor gum and put away in the china closet.

So with cathedrals, no one can give his allegiance to one for all time. The last one is almost always the loveliest; yet, when one is away from them all, it is delightful to review them in memory and find in each something to fit a special mood.

This makes it easy to understand how a man can fall in love successively with several very different women. In truth, I myself have fallen in love with a great many men, as different as Hector, Prince of Troy, Roderick Dhu, and John Milton. However, as most of them have been dead several centuries they have not occasioned me much loss of sleep or many flutterings of heart.

After wandering about the queer streets of Chester, looking in at the windows of shops in the Rows, spending a disproportionate amount of money on prints and photographs, lunching on thin bread and butter, ham and strawberries and cream at a dim old restaurant, it is well to stray into the half-ruined church of St. John, there to re-

turn thanks for one's many mercies. It is a pity that so beautiful a building should be in such a state, yet there are compensations; one's imagination may run riot and "restore," without fear of criticism, with the absolute certainty that one person, at least, will be pleased with the results.

Like all Americans, we had wondered just how much meaning there really was in the legend so common all over the United Kingdom, "Soapmakers to H. R. H., the Princess of Wales," "Hatters to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales," etc., etc. Accordingly one day when we were buying chocolate in a shop in Chester which bore the inscription, "Confectioners to Her Majesty, the Queen," Ned blandly asked:

"As official confectioners, what do you supply to the Queen?"

The trim shop-girl replied:

"O, when there is a royal wedding, we always make a cake, sir."

A few weeks later we came upon an old copy of an illustrated London paper, which gave an account of the wedding of some of

Queen Victoria's grandchildren; and, among other interesting objects therein portrayed, was a cake that suggested the tower of Pisa, except that its position was vertical. Below it was printed:

“Wedding cake provided by Her Majesty, ordered from B——, her confectioner in Chester.”

So we had settled one weighty question. Ned regrets that, on account of difficulties of transportation, it will not be possible for him to order a wedding cake from B—— of Chester. Princess suggests that he might come to Chester to be married. Ned rather likes that idea, and thinks he may do it, if the other person concerned, “when found,” is willing.

Of course, while at Chester, we made a little trip to Hawarden. We could not see the interior of Gladstone's home, because Mrs. Gladstone was then occupying the house; but we wandered about the noble park, and caught a glimpse of a white-haired lady in mourning and a girl walking together in the formal garden. We told each other

that they must be Mrs. Gladstone and Dorothy Drew, and did not destroy our contentment by asking unnecessary questions of the gardener or the man who was mowing in the park.

Hawarden is, like all English villages that I know, a beautiful place, made still more attractive by the public spirit and kindly consideration of the Prime Minister whose home was there during so many happy years. What place among statesmen history will finally assign to William Ewart Gladstone, only time can tell; but in Hawarden, his memory will always be fragrant as that of a devoted husband and father, a kind and thoughtful neighbor, an upright Christian gentleman.

In recording our happiness at Chester, I must not fail to make mention of our inn. It was, of course, a quiet one, whose prices were moderate. It was exquisitely neat; hops climbed up over poles in the courtyard, and palms and ferns stood about in unexpected corners.

Our room had beds with green canopies,

and we felt sure that some of Queen Elizabeth's maids of honor must have occupied them. Helen and Miss Bradford had crimson canopies over their beds, and Helen expressed her conviction that King Charles and his favorite gentlemen-in-waiting slept, or lay awake, in them the night before the battle of Rowton Moor. Whereupon, Ned not to be outdone, remarked:

"I don't know anything about the age of the furniture in your rooms; but mine is imitation antique, made in Stamford, Connecticut. I hunted up the maker's label."

The dining-parlor was a cozy little room, with green-tinted walls adorned with pretty etchings and water colors.

The maids were rosy and round with soft English voices. The "Boots" we never saw until our departure, when he lined up with the other servants to receive his "tip;" but he spirited away our shoes at mysterious hours of the night; and in the morning dropped them before our doors with a "heavy thump" that reminded us of the falling ship-mates of the "Ancient Mariner." This was,

doubtless, a gentle hint that even royalty and pilgrims must not sleep all day, when there are still in Chester half-timbered houses unvisited and Cheshire cheese untasted.

Princess refused the cheese point-blank, at first sight, so did Helen; Miss Bradford and I thought we would venture upon a bit. Some of it had reached a green old age, and other some was hoary with unmeasured antiquity. Truth compels me to state that neither Miss Bradford, with all her respect for ancient lineage, nor myself, usually fond of any kind of cheese, were able to dispose of the portion set before us. Ned ate his and mine too, and pronounced it good. It was easy to see that his ability to do the proper thing on this occasion gave him added importance in Aunt Minerva's estimation.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

On our departure from Chester Ned said good-bye for a time, as he had business in London. However, he decided to join us later for a few days' stay at Warwick.

Accordingly we four women started by ourselves to visit the lake country. We took the "Prelude" and other Wordsworthian poems as a guide book, and straying northward from Chester went first to Furness Abbey.

Available information about this ruin is exceedingly meager. It belonged to a brotherhood of Cistercian monks, at first called the grey, afterward the white brothers, and was built as early as the twelfth century. Only the walls of the Abbey church and the Chapter House are preserved with any approach to completeness; yet, from the scattered stones and crumbling walls, one can almost erect again the mass of buildings as they were in the days of their prosperity,

when the Abbot of Furness in the Valley of Deadly Nightshade was a mighty man in the land; when in the scriptorium learned men copied priceless manuscripts; when the cloistered brothers gathered daily in the great refectory and heard readings from lives of the saints while eating their noon-tide meal; when fasts and vigils were observed in chapel and cells; when causes of note were tried in the Chapter House; when processions gay with banners swept down the stately nave and pillared aisles; when lay brothers busied themselves with tending flocks and herds, and caring for forest, meadow, and glebeland in this almost royal domain; and the white monks and their abbot commanded respect and inspired awe in all the countryside.

It is strange that the old abbey is not as rich in story and legend as in ivy and roses; that not even Scott found out a drama of mediaeval life played under the shadow of the once stately monastery. But so it is; this monument of a manner of life and thought now dead among the Anglo-Norman

race, lies here on the green hillside, deserted, silent, just a little sad, but beautiful beyond all words.

After our half-day among the ruins, we were most prosaically hungry; accordingly, we betook ourselves to the Abbey Hotel; and, in its sumptuous parlor, sat down for afternoon tea. We felt like ladies of high degree come from some neighboring castle, so daintily splendid were our surroundings. When the bill appeared, we were sure the proprietor had mistaken us for some such persons of quality. However, this was an unusual extravagance; and, despite our misgivings, we agreed that we had received our money's worth.

There was, to begin with, the parlor itself; the tea, bread-and-butter, and jam were all of the best; and the maid, in black gown and snowy cap and apron, was a picture, with her fluffy golden hair, her sapphire eyes, and cheeks as pink as her ribbons. She looked like the confidential serving-woman of a duchess, and tripped about the parlor as if it were indeed Her Grace's drawing-room.

As we were leaving, I asked her some question about the neighboring ruin, to which she replied, with an injured expression in her blue orbs, "Really, mem, I don't know."

When we were safely outside, Princess remonstrated.

"You should know better than to ask such questions of a pink-and-white butterfly. When a girl is as satisfying to the eye as that one, she fulfills her mission. Nothing further should be expected of her."

"She is satisfying to the ear, also," I retorted. "I wasn't seeking information, I only wanted to hear her speak, whether she said anything worth hearing or not."

The moment we put foot upon the Cygnet at Lakeside for the trip to Bowness, we succumbed to the attractions of the Lake Country. Three of us did, that is; Aunt Minerva was wretched until we landed. I believe she missed Ned, who from the time he was presented to her on board the steamer until he put us into our compartment in a "carriage" of the north-bound train, had compassed the good lady with observances,

This rather interfered with his attentions to Helen, but I gathered from the demure smile with which she watched the proceedings that the little rogue understood our cousin's tactics as well as if he had explained them in so many words.

It was evening when we sailed up Windermere to Bowness; the lake was calm, the moon most obligingly present. It must be said that during this particular summer the moon behaved as she does in a German novel, always shining when her light was needed for spectacular effect. Things are not always thus arranged in real life, and the moon is proverbially untrustworthy; but, during this season, she was disposed to be gracious and always appeared when desired.

At Ambleside, we seriously considered the question of selling our return tickets, buying a lot, and building thereon a cottage, in which to end our days in retirement, communing with the mighty and unconventional souls that have made the region a goal of pilgrimage. The temptation was great, and the reflection that necessity required our return to

the work-a-day world, to replenish our pocket-books, alone deterred us from carrying out the plan.

In these days, alas, pilgrims may not depend upon the charity of the public, said public having too many other claims upon its resources, and pilgrims of modern times being beset with more numerous, complex, and expensive wants than those of the Middle Ages. Moreover, he, or she, who now-a-days striveth to go a-pilgrining in the good old fashion is liable to arrest and other unpleasant experiences; to be called unseemly names, as vagrant, tramp, or hobo; and to hear many times and oft Iago's advice to Roderigo,

"Put money in thy purse."

Despite these discouraging facts, no pilgrims of any time ever visited the shrines of saint and martyr with more diligence and devotion than we gave to Harriet Martineau's house with its garden and sun-dial; to Grasmere and Castle Rigg churches; to Dove and Nob cottages and all the other haunts of Wordsworth, De Quincy and the Coleridges.

Such delightful walks and drives as we had over the hilly roads, now shaded by trees in full leaf; now bordered by fields in which grew, rank on rank, the crimson fox-glove, "like regiments of soldiers," our old char-ioteer said; and now perfumed by the breath of wild roses or spicy bog-myrtle. Shall any of us ever forget, I wonder, our first glimpse of Rydal Water, that tiny lake with wooded island, which somehow looked incongruously tropical, and awoke memories of Robinson Crusoe and Paul and Virginia.

A photographer at Ambleside told us that since the present-day Wordsworths have grown well-to-do, and begun to shine a little in the glory reflected from their famous kinsman, they object to having him associated with Dove Cottage, trying, on the other hand, to emphasize his residence at Rydal Mount, while they refuse to allow the public to visit this later home of the poet. But Stopford Brooke and the Wordsworth society have defeated the aims of the snobbish relatives and are making Dove Cottage a

fitting memorial of the poet, his wife, and his sister.

Wordsworth was a man fortunate in his womankind. Suppose they had longed for cities, for society, bric-a-brac, operas, even for ease and luxury in their country home, where then would have been his "sweet calm" and tranquil content?

I left Dove Cottage fully resolved that when the day came for me to bid farewell to active life, I would retire with the few hundreds I hope to have saved by that time, to the Adirondack forest, or some lovely nook in the woods of Wisconsin, build for myself a tiny house on a hillside, so that I, too, might step directly into the garden from my second-floor window; that I would line the walls with book-cases to the height of six feet; hang all my choicest pictures, framed and unframed, in the spaces above; and here in communion with the choice spirits of the ages, I would spend my last days.

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

if perchance the world should know enough

about me to make forgetting a necessary process.

I confided this beautiful project to my companions one evening as we sat on the shore of Lake Windermere; but I met with scant encouragement.

"What will you do about mice, in a house alone by yourself?" queried Helen, who had been up with me two or three nights, hunting imaginary rodents.

"Then, you know," added the Princess, "there are sometimes bears in the Adirondacks, and tramps in all lonely places, besides you'd have nervous prostration by the time you'd encountered three or four cows in your morning rambles."

So I shall probably not carry out my plan; but go on working after I ought to stop, in order to earn money to spend upon things that I do not want, but which civilized human beings are popularly supposed to need.

It is much easier for a man to live in this fashion than for a woman to do so. Even in the home of an intellectual hermit, with artistic tastes, fires must be built; outside,

paths must be swept; repairs, taxes, and other things of that nature must be looked after. All things considered, I fear I am not perfectly adapted to the life of a recluse.

Other kindly spirits besides those of the Wordsworths haunt this lovely region. De Quincey came a-visiting and remained nineteen years. How strange it is that he should have been a Briton—this creature of Oriental brilliancy of imagination, and shy, erratic manners. But his was a time when unusual minds and characters abounded. Coleridge, a towering personality despite his many weaknesses, was as Orientally magnificent in his imagination, and, to put it mildly, as unconventional as De Quincey. Keats, Byron, and Shelley, though not associated with them, had even more impatience of accepted standards than Wordsworth and Coleridge. It was, throughout Europe, an uneasy age. Southey escaped the prevailing influence; but his writings are as tame as his opinions. Doubtless, he was a more comfortable man to live with than his more gifted

neighbors; and the world is richer for his honest, cheerful, laborious life.

One must wonder at times if the Wordsworth women were not occasionally conscious of a pain in their necks, induced by continuous looking up; or whether they relaxed once in a way by exchanging glances of sympathetic understanding over the idiosyncracies of William, who was, after all, only a man, and totally devoid of humor. The world will never realize how much quiet satisfaction women derive from that sort of telegraphing to each other; for it is a thing no mortal man can ever appreciate.

Over at Coniston, lived for a time that most idealistic of political economists and most uncompromising hater of shams, John Ruskin. This home of his meets one's sense of the fitness of things. It is remote enough and beautiful enough to satisfy the artistic, grumbling, yet essentially kindly critic of the human race and its works, aesthetic and otherwise. So here he sleeps and his grave is one more shrine, visited of those who love whatsoever is pure, true, and of good report.

At Foxe Howe, between Rydal Water and Ambleside, is the home of by no means the least of the Lakeside celebrities, Dr. Thomas Arnold. The house and its surroundings are as beautiful as everything else hereabouts, and its owner was an entirely worthy inhabitant. Beyond this praise cannot go. A man who could assume the leadership of a company of boys, win them against even their prejudices and traditions, not merely to an acquiescence in his plans for their welfare, but to a hearty support thereof; a man who sent up to the universities, year after year, boys who were recognized as his pupils because of their uprightness and their scorn of trickery; such a man has lived one of the grandest of poems.

I would rather have been Thomas Arnold than William Wordsworth. Possibly there were days, when things went badly at Rugby, when boys were unreasonable, lessons badly prepared, and masters irritable, when Dr. Arnold. The house and its surroundings are great personality, and his view usually the cheerful one.

It is good for the visitor to the Lake region to spend considerable time in the churches of Grasmere and Castle Rigg. Both are so quiet, so simple, and unpretending that they are most fitting places of worship for the folk of the countryside. They seem, in a way, the products of the soil. Yet, with all its simplicity, how rich is the churchyard in its possession of the dust of Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge, and Arthur Hugh Clough, and how like to the manly poet himself is sturdy Grasmere church; while, for days after we had visited Castle Rigg, I caught myself from time to time repeating Canon Rawnsley's lines on the little building which is such a quiet ante-chapel to the purple-green mountain towering above:

“And he who would Helvellyn's height assay
May join their company who found
Earth's beauty, made Life's inn a house of prayer,
And sped, refreshed of soul, upon their way.”

Keswick is the most disappointing spot in all this part of England. Nothing could be more attractive than its surroundings, but

the town itself is given over to the Philistines.

If one could find a whitewashed cottage in a nook of hills or on the shores of Derwent-water, where he might withdraw from the world and enjoy the beauties of sky, mountain and lake, he might be both good and happy. But, teased by the continual obtrusion of the commonplace, he fails, in Keswick, to be either the one or the other.

Failing to discover the desired cottage, we tarried only long enough for a pilgrimage to Greta Hall and Crossthwaite Church, and a tour of the lake. I had always desired to see "how the water comes down at Lodore." What there is of it comes down quite rapidly, as the law of gravitation is not suspended in this part of the country; but I shall always have a grievance against Southey. He is less accurate in his descriptions than Wordsworth, possibly because he is more versifier and less poet. Still, the "Falls of Lodore" and the "Journey to Moscow" have at times given me much joy; so the grievance may after a while be mitigated.

After our tour of the lake, we sighed more than ever for the cottage; and Princess, with truly regal lawlessness, even suggested confiscating one or two whose exteriors were more than commonly attractive. From this high-handed proceeding, we were deterred by fear of a collision with the British Constitution. This alone might not have sufficed, unsupported by the suspicion that Uncle Samuel's government might not incline to intervene and save us from the results of following our royal impulses.

The old sexton at Crossthwaite Church is nearly as amusing as the venerable Mrs. Baker who used to pilot visitors through Anne Hathaway's cottage. He entertained us hospitably for a summer afternoon. We should have liked to bring him home with us. This is a desire not often produced by the conversation of custodians of churches; but this old man was a choice specimen, and we made much of him accordingly. May he live to a still riper old age, and delight many other traveler's by the sight of his pictur-

esquely wrinkled face and the sound and sense of his quaint observations.

A few days' sojourn at Keswick brings the reader to a full understanding and sympathy with Wordsworth's aversion to railroads. Natheless, but for these much reviled means of travel, pilgrims without overmuch scrip in their purses, might be forced to content themselves with knowing the lakes of England through books alone. This would be a hardship, indeed, for, among the places that are quite as satisfactory as what the poets have written about them, the Lake Country holds a high rank. Is that because we know it chiefly through the poets? The question recalls Sir Philip Sydney's statement that "of all writers under the sun, the poet is least liar."

Possibly it is not the railroads themselves that are to blame for the conditions complained of at Keswick, but the desire of the average man to turn everything to what he is pleased to call "practical" uses. Popular superstition and numerous foreign writers to the contrary notwithstanding, this is not an

exclusively American trait. Can it be possible that in us it is merely a manifestation of characteristics derived from our numerous lines of ancestry?

CHAPTER IV.

LICHFIELD AND DR. JOHNSON.

From Keswick, Miss Bradford and Helen decided to go to Scotland, making a little journey to the Burns country, the Scottish lakes, Edinburgh, Melrose and Abbotsford. When they began to talk of this plan, Princess and I wavered a little, for these are places dear to our hearts; and when we visited them, we were blessed with such perfect weather that we thought all the brownies must be favorable to our undertaking. This pleasant belief lasted until we reached Abbotsford, when the drenching rains in which we made our pilgrimage to the home of Scott, and to Dryburgh and Melrose made us wonder in what way we could have offended our guardian spirits.

However, as we had come with the intention of devoting the summer to England, we steeled our hearts against temptation, and, turning a deaf ear to the voice of the charmer,

prepared to carry out our original plan of going, by way of Lichfield, to Warwick, where our three friends were to rejoin us.

It is a pleasant experience to arrive at Lichfield on the afternoon of a summer's day; to eat supper in the dining-room of the Swan Inn, all gay and sweet with roses, then to be shown to a chamber opening off one of the winding corridors; to sit by the open window and write letters and dream till the long twilight darkens into night; and, at last, to climb into the high, canopied bed, where one goes to sleep to the accompaniment of the sweet-toned cathedral chimes.

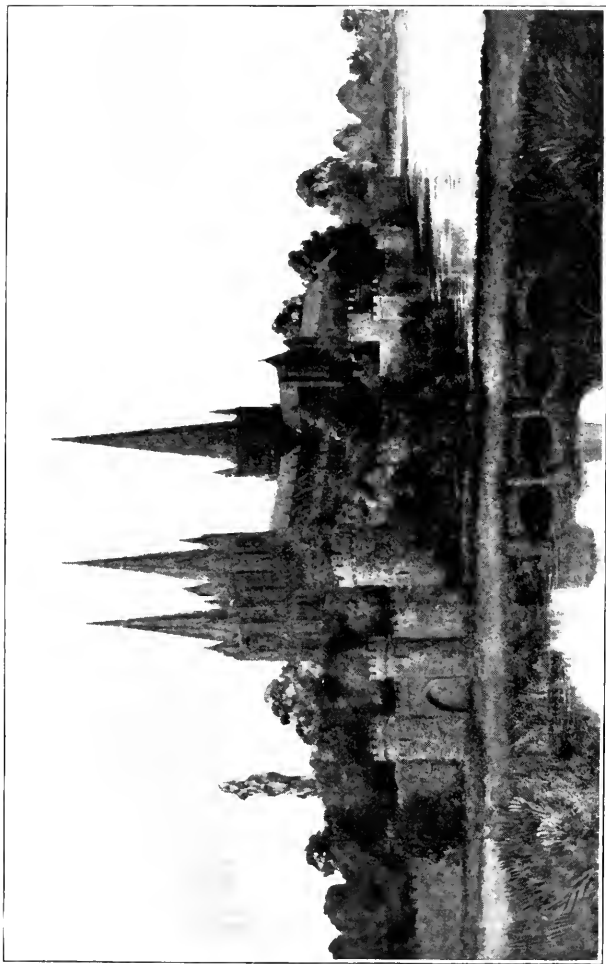
Whoever first bestowed upon the cathedral of Lichfield the title of "Queen of the English Cathedrals" was a person of taste; and he who gave to her spires the name of "Ladies of the Vale" was a poet. Smaller than almost any other cathedral on the island, less imposing in its position than most of the others, yet, in the perfect harmony of its proportions, the delicate grace of its outlines, the richness of its carvings, the lofty sweeps of its clustered pillars, and the spring of its

vaulted roof, it has a beauty and charm unsurpassed even by York, Lincoln, or Canterbury.

Princess being ill on one day of our stay here, and preferring solitude to society, I started out for an exploring expedition quite alone. The ten o'clock service had begun when I reached the Cathedral; it was, therefore, too late for any overzealous churchwarden or beadle to compel me to sit within the choir enclosure. Accordingly, I took a chair near the door and soon forgot everything in the beauty of the place. As before mentioned, I find a cathedral-service delightful when I am not obliged to pay close attention. On this morning, the roll of the organ, the occasional sound of the chimes, and the voices of unseen singers combined to produce an effect harmonious, solemn, and reverend.

After the close of the service, I moved over toward a fine window in the north aisle. Presently there came sweeping by a rosy-faced, white-haired clergyman in full canonicals. Seeing me by the window, he stopped,

"QUEEN OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS."



saying in a rich, cheerful voice,

"Ah! that's a good bit of glass. We *have* some good glass here. Our best, of course, is in the Lady Chapel. One gentleman, who knows a good bit about glass, says it is the finest in the world. Of course," smiling, "that is saying a great deal; but it is certainly among the finest. Now there," pointing to a window farthest east, "is some abominable stuff. I really think the choristers should be allowed to take a shy at it."

I looked at the window and quite agreed with the reverend gentleman in his judgment. But I only said:

"No doubt they would appreciate the privilege."

His words recalled the fact that the choristers, whose voices, soaring among the arches of the roof, had suggested thoughts of cherubim and seraphim before the Great White Throne, were undoubtedly very human, with the same taste for "shying" characteristic of boys who never wear vestments.

The clergyman smiled back at me, very much, I thought, as though he would not ob-

ject to being counted in with the choristers when the attack on the obnoxious window should begin. Then he told me about a visit Ruskin had paid them, shortly after the Dean and Chapter and other persons interested, had put, near the entrance to the Chapter House, a memorial window to an old verger who had recently died after an unbroken term of service of forty years and more. Ruskin, wandering about the Cathedral, came upon this window; and, stopping before it, said heartily,

“Ah! there’s a good bit of old glass.”

After telling this story, over which he and his colleagues had evidently been rejoicing ever since the great man’s visit, the friendly clergyman wished me a pleasant stay in Lichfield; and, bowing in courteous wise, swept on.

This little incident made me feel quite at home in the building; very much, I imagine, as one would feel after receiving the freedom of a city in a gold box. Still I could not help wondering a little how this benevolent ecclesiastic happened to speak to me. Yet, re-

membering how railroad officials and policemen everywhere seem burdened with responsibility about me, though I rarely ask them questions; and how people in general are possessed with an eager desire to bestow advice upon me, I decided that his behavior was not so strange, after all. Besides, the canon, prebendary, or whatever he was, seemed fond of his cathedral, and was perhaps unwilling that even one stray American should overlook a pane of its exquisite glass. Indeed, every one in the diocese may justly be proud of the windows, some of the newer ones, even, having a beauty of outline, a softness and richness of tone and coloring that rival the best of the old specimens.

Johnson is everywhere in the atmosphere of Lichfield. On the wall of the south aisle of the Cathedral is a medallion to his memory, side by side with another to his pupil and comrade, Garrick.

For a little time, however, the memory of the eighteenth century's Dictator of Letters is eclipsed by the interest that every one must feel in Chantry's statue of "The Sleep-

ing Children." Carved in creamy marble, to which the softened light from the windows gives a rosy tinge, lie the figures of two girls asleep in each other's arms. One is possibly fifteen years of age; the other, about seven years younger. They are in the bloom of health, and full of the elastic grace of youth. So easy and natural are the positions that it is difficult to realize that a touch or a word will not awaken the sleepers.

Out in the market place stands the colossal statue of Dr. Johnson. It does not, despite its size, seem pretentious. It is fitting that everything connected with this man should be on a grand scale. He dominates his native town to this day as he dominated his own time, poor, homely, awkward, yet a king by right divine, and by the true royalty of mind and character.

Here are the house where Johnson was born, the walks he took, the haunts he loved, the final resting-place of his parents. Even Uttoxeter, the thriving market-town of the vicinity in his boyhood, is now remembered because of the penance to which Johnson, the

scholar subjected himself because of the sin of omission of Samuel, the disobedient son.

Johnson is admirable for his force of intellect and character, but he is lovable for the tenderness of heart that such self-discipline reveals. It speaks well, too, for the father that such a son should have so revered his memory and so atoned for a lack of filial obedience.

The old church on the hill, under the shade of the solemn yews, where Johnson's parents lie buried, is an attractive spot for quiet meditation. The path that leads to it, along quiet country roads bordered by hedge-rows, is an allurement in itself; and the lanes and paths across the fields that bring one back, by way of St. Chad's church and well, to the rear of the Cathedral close, would be irresistible to a person who is not afraid of cows.

The presence of cows, in force, in the fields through which so many charming pathways lead to most desirable places, is the chief drawback to pedestrian explorations in England. When I have been beguiled, persuaded, or driven into crossing one of those fields

on foot, the beauty of the landscape is spoiled by my agonies of fear, and I cry out with the Psalmist,

“Strong bulls of Bashan have compassed me around.”

Princess always declares that the cattle in the fields are mere harmless bossies, else they would not be there; a statement which certainly looks reasonable. But that makes no difference to me; on this subject, as on one or two others, I am not amenable to reason.

The cows were the sole blots on the landscape in Litchfield, but they were numerous. Nevertheless, I should be willing to endure the torture again for the sake of the joy. Having said this, I refrain from the use of superlatives.

There are other things besides the Johnson relics and memorials that combine to give Lichfield an antique flavor. Indeed, many of the houses and streets are far older than Johnson's time, and might, could they speak, tell tales of the hiding of St. Chad's bones; the conference of Stanley and Richmond on the eve of Bosworth field; and the siege of

the town by the man whom Scott, following a local historian, calls "The fanatic Brook."

Here is the George Inn, the scene of Farquhar's comedy, "The Beaux Stratagem," for which the rooms of the old inn would even now afford a fairly adequate setting.

Unless one looks toward the railway station at the far end of the town, he may quite easily believe himself a contemporary of Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, Burke, and the rest of the company who absorbed so much tea—and other liquids—at various inns and ale houses, besides what was provided them in Mrs. Thrale's parlors and ordered by them in their own lodgings. Yet, for the most part, they laid about them right lustily and smote many

"Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras dire,"

the moral and social evils that beset their time. They were not over-dainty; not always refined, according to our standards; their dress left much to be desired in neatness, and their manners in gentleness; but they were sturdy men, of the sound-hearted

middle class, and they left the world better than they found it. Who of us can lay claim to higher praises?

When one calls up the group in some one or other of their favorite haunts, and sees a canny Scott among these burly Englishmen and witty Irishmen, one asks himself, how this man happens to have strayed into this particular company. But, in time, one realizes that the Scot believes he has a mission, he was born to chronicle the sayings and doings of a greater than himself; and he proves his faith by his works, the result being that we read with eagerness Boswell's story of Johnson's life, and neglect the ponderous works which the Doctor himself produced so conscientiously, and which colored the writings of nearly every other man of his time who wrote in English on either side of the Atlantic. We find the true Johnsonian flavor, not only in the writings and speeches of Burke and his colleagues in Parliament and Ministry, but in the debates of the Continental Congress and the State papers of George Washington. King George might be flouted

by his disaffected colonies; but King Samuel, despite his Toryism, was consciously or unconsciously admired and imitated in Massachusetts and Virginia.

CHAPTER V.

IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

We resolved not to hasten through the Warwickshire district, but to take plenty of time to see all the interesting spots in the country of Shakespeare and George Eliot.

Accordingly, we settled ourselves at "The Dale," a quiet inn at Warwick, and, with this as a base of supplies, made raids into the surrounding region. We loitered about the quaint old town; ate luncheons and teas in queer little restaurants; visited the Castle, the churches, and Leicester's hospital; traced out the line of the old wall; made excursions on foot, by tram or by rail, to Leamington, Stratford, Coventry, Kenilworth, and Rugby; and were quite sure all the time that no one had ever enjoyed Warwickshire as we were enjoying it. It is much to know one's blessings ere they take their flight.

Warwick is a bit of the sixteenth century surviving through three hundred years of

change. When, on coming from the station, one has passed the East Gate, with its tiny chapel atop, it is necessary to revise one's systems of measurement, and standards of estimate. The long street that winds, bordered by fragrant lime-trees, from the East Gate of Warwick to smart, pretentious, yet beautiful, Leamington, is trying very hard to shake off its Elizabethan trappings and become truly modern. One kindly man, a councillor and merchant of the town, said, with a smile dimpling his rosy old face,

"H'an h'artist told me once that h'every corner in Warwick was a picture; an' 'e rated me soundly for tearin' down my three 'undred years h'old shop h'and buildin' a new one with plate-glass windows. But h'Im no h'artist; these picturesque h'old 'aouses is dark an' stuffy; h'and h'I don't see h'as well h'as h'I did once; so, in my h'old h'age, I want more h'air h'and light."

Thus it will doubtless come to pass in time, that most of the old houses will disappear; and Warwick will become modern, hygienic, and—no, it can never be ugly. Meanwhile,

we are glad to have anticipated the arrival of progress.

The old home of Walter Savage Landor, just outside the city wall, is now used for the Girls' High School. With difficulty, we gained admission to this seat of learning. We were given chairs in the office of the Head Mistress, and requested to wait until the close of a recitation that she was conducting, when she would "be very pleased" to show us the school. So we waited patiently, like Mary's little lamb, until the lady, young, capable, alert, appeared. She greeted us doubtfully, and then offered to conduct us through the building.

We followed her from room to room, and saw girls of all sizes, from the class preparing for University examinations to the so-called Kintergarten. When the door into a given room was opened and we were ushered in, all activity was suspended; the Head Mistress inquired what work was in progress, and was answered "Botany," "Algebra," or "Numbers," as the case might be; we gazed for a moment and then moved solemnly on.

We were shown the school hall; the cloak-rooms, occupying the interior of the quaint Elizabethan house between the Landor house and the city gate; the gardens, and the tennis grounds; but not one syllable of recitation did we hear.

The teachers, like the Head Mistress, appeared alert and intelligent; the girls were the usual type of well-fed, slow-moving English maidens, with heavy masses of hair falling over their shoulders. The children pointed out as making up the Kindergarten class were much older than those found in American Kindergartens; and seated at ordinary desks, were busy with books and slates as though they had been in school for three or four years.

All the girls looked contented and healthy, but we had no means of determining their intellectual status, and we went away wondering why those large infants were supposed to make up a Kindergarten, and why a school of so many grades should be called a High School.

Later on, in London, we visited a so-called

college which numbered among its pupils boys and girls of all ages, from tiny tots just beginning to read, to tall lads choosing between Cambridge and Oxford. It was simply a very good private school; and we decided that the word college must be as elastic in England as it is said to be in our own country.

We decided to make a visit to Coventry before the others came; because, as Princess remarked, "If it's half as interesting as I'm prepared to find it, we shall wish to go more than once, and can run over with the others when they come."

Princess was not disappointed in Coventry, which is one of the most interesting towns in the kingdom. London is the imperial city; Bristol, the Queen City; and Coventry, the Prince's Chamber. Since Edward, the Black Prince, every Prince of Wales has been feasted in the Guild Hall, and otherwise entertained by the Mayor and Corporation, a fact on which the inhabitants of Coventry plume themselves not a little.

We spent a long delightful day at Coven-

try; and, later, repeated the visit; but the first day was so full of pleasant experiences that it deserves to be considered by itself. It was a little incongruous to ride atop of an electric tram up the long, crooked street, and see the effigy of Peeping Tom looking down upon this modern means of conveyance in the same indifferent manner that he has looked upon everything else in this street for several centuries past; and will, we trust, for centuries to come.

Our first shrine was the church of St. Michael, which has one of the "three spires of Coventry." This proved to be a most fortunate choice; for here we met with the reward of disinterested merit. Virtue may be its own reward, but there are others that blend with it harmoniously. Our good fortune came in this wise. We had gone to St. Michael's partly because we were attracted by the beauty of its spire, partly because of its connection with the old Mystery Plays. We were trying to revive for ourselves some old spectacle of bygone days, punctuating our more connected remarks with ejacula-

tions on the beauty of the warm, brilliant, yet softened light, that poured through the windows, when our raptures were overheard by one of the church wardens to whom they seemed very satisfactory. Accordingly, he begged permission to show us some better points of view, whence we might enjoy still more the mellow glory of the golden light.

This done, the good gentleman must show us the Guild Hall, a necessity to which we readily submitted. We found the Hall most attractive. There was an immense banquet room, ovens that looked as if they might be used for roasting elephants, historical portraits, tapestry, and a painting and a statue of the obedient, but determined, Lady Godiva. Was it not that tyrannical old husband of hers who was the only person besides the king to see the angel who came to give to Edward the Confessor the divine directions as to the building of Westminster Abbey. Just why such a grumpy individual should have been so favored, it is hard to understand. Possibly he was possessed of virtues not mentioned by the chroniclers.

As we came out of the Guild Hall our attention was called to an old house hard by, whose age-blackened timbers showed, here and there among the carven grape-vines, the familiar Tudor rose.

"That," said our unknown benefactor, "was, in the fifteenth century, the favorite rallying-place of the Lancastrians of these parts; for, you must know, Coventry has always been strongly Lancastrian; it was here that Henry VII held court for a short time after the battle of Bosworth Field had made him King of England."

We lent attentive ears to this discourse; because all disciples of Shakespeare are perforce Lancastrians, especially while they are in Will's own country.

Margaret of Anjou was received here after her defeat at Tewksbury; and one hears more kindly mention of the fiery queen in Coventry than elsewhere in England. Did Coventry love Margaret because of what the city did for the queen, or because she, harassed, insulted, and defied elsewhere, here given refuge and comfort, relaxed somewhat of her

haughty pride, and showed herself what, despite her faults, she undoubtedly was when she chose to be, a charming woman, loyal to the rights of her family; driven to play the man's part by the inefficiency of her father, the indecision of her husband, the youth of her son?

Much of Margaret's fierceness was doubtless due to her being placed in a false position. She, a princess, the heroine of troubadours and minstrels, the star of the court of Provence, had married a king and was entitled to the privileges and immunities of royalty; but she was driven by stress of circumstances to adopt the role of a leader of armies and a ruler of men, a role for which, half-consciously only, she felt herself unfitted; hence her irritability, her outbursts of rage, her harshness and arrogance.

This old house before which we paused to listen and admire, deserves the commendation that some appreciative person has bestowed upon Ford's hospital for old women in a narrow street hard by:

"It is perfect of its kind, and ought to be kept under a glass case,"

In that charmed half-day, our guide went with us from one delightful nook of old Coventry to another fascinating spot. He showed us the route of the long-maintained annual procession in honor of Lady Godiva, starting from the Guild Hall and winding through the most ancient of the crooked streets. He remarked casually of one street that it was "quite modern, only about six hundred years old, in fact."

He also told us that the effigy of Peeping Tom, is in reality an ancient wooden statue of St. George, unearthed once upon a time during some "restorations," and changed as to name, because Peeping Tom was locally more interesting (and profitable) than the hero of the dragon-legend. The change is of no particular consequence, the average visitor is not, as a rule, too familiar with the features of either the saint or the sinner in question; and the wooden image serves very well to mark the spot where the Tom of tradition is said to have met the punishment due his impertinent curiosity.

Singular, is it not, that a man should be

held up to obloquy for nigh a thousand years for giving way to his curiosity, a weakness popularly supposed to belong exclusively to women? Undoubtedly this is a triumph of true psychology over age-old misrepresentation.

As we walked down the street leading to St. Mary's church, built by Isabella, "the she-wolf of France," to expiate the murder of Edward II, our guide pointed out to us the Bull's Head Inn, where Mary Stuart was twice imprisoned. Every place gains an added interest from even a slight connection with the unfortunate princess who possessed such power for good and evil and such un-failing charm.

It is reported that when Mary was sent hither, her royal cousin sent with her the message:

"Keep her straitly; and let no man have speech with her, lest she undo him."

The words are characteristic, and show Elizabeth's perfect understanding of the situation.

Nearly opposite the Bull's Head stands the

oldest Independent church now remaining in England.

Others were built before this one, but it has defied the passage of time and the changes in creed and sentiment for nearly three centuries. It is a plain, rather ugly building, with none of the quaintness that characterizes most of its neighbors; yet it has a certain dignity and interest because of the mighty current of thought and action whose humble beginnings it commemorates.

Down a narrow street, branching off near the church, stands the more than modest house in which Ellen Terry first opened her eyes upon this world's stage. The company to which her parents belonged—for she comes to her art by right of inheritance—was playing in Coventry when she was born; and so the town adds one more item to its list of claims upon the attention of the traveler.

At last, at the far end of the rambling street, we came to St. Mary's Church, a building which enjoys the distinction of having all its walls slightly out of plumb and of being, in consequence, entirely guiltless of right an-

gles. In the chapel of St. John the Baptist, masses were said during three hundred years for the repose of the soul of Edward II, the said masses being paid for out of a fund provided by his widow, who had been the chief agent in procuring his premature departure from this earthly life.

Isabella behaved handsomely, according to her light; she had removed a superfluous husband from her own path, thereby depriving him of an earthly crown and kingdom; but she did her best, as she thought, to secure for him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven. There were conveniences about the beliefs of those days, affording pleasant, and apparently safe, by-paths to the accomplishment of one's desires, even when these were in direct opposition to the restraints imposed by the Decalogue, and the law of the land.

The benevolent churchwarden who spent the forenoon in helping us to find the antiquities of the town, and whom we had begun to suspect of being an incarnation of the tutelary deity of the city, was, we learned later in the

day, an archaeologist of note, and an F. R. S. Shortly before our visit, he had shown to that very fortunate man, the Prince of Wales, all the sights of Coventry. This information was a trifle overwhelming, at first; but then, I reflected, I was traveling with a Princess, entitled to all the royal honors; besides, I don't believe H. R. H. enjoyed it a bit more, if as much, as we pilgrims from "a ferre coun-tree."

The good gentleman rounded out his half-day's work by directing us to a most excellent inn for our luncheon; this last kind deed showed that his mind was not entirely absorbed by the middle ages.

Having saturated ourselves with Old Coventry in the forenoon, we decided to devote the afternoon to seeking out all possible traces of George Eliot. Accordingly, we took a tram, in hope of finding Rose Hill Cottage, the home of the Brays. When the guard came to collect our fares, we told him where we wished to go, in order that he might tell us how much to pay. He shook his head in

bewilderment, he knew no such place. Princess and I glanced at each other, wondering what to do; whereupon, a gentleman across the aisle said:

“Collect the same fare from the ladies as from me; Rose Hill Cottage is across the way from my house; I’ll show them how to find it.”

Good fortune still attended us, then. We settled back upon the bench, and looked with interest at the villas that we were passing.

At length the tram stopped; the guard signed us to alight; we obeyed orders, and the gentleman who had come to our rescue stood awaiting us. He said, smilingly, “This way ladies, it is only a step.”

We followed him along the shaded road, until stopping at a gate opening into a little park, he said, indicating a house opposite:

“There it is, the white cottage with the high fence, and trees all about.”

We expressed our hearty thanks, and crossed the street. We peered through the palings; we stood on tiptoe and looked over the fences; and at last gathered courage to

ring the bell, and ask the pretty maid who responded to the summons, whether two strangers from America would be permitted to see the grounds.

She courteously invited us in while she made inquiries; and, giving us seats, tripped away, to be presently replaced by the house-keeper, who expressed Mrs. Bray's regrets at not being able to see us in person, but added that she herself was instructed to show us the house and grounds.

The impression that we had received in the morning, and that was destined to receive further confirmation later on, was deepened now, namely: that one of the first duties of every inhabitant of Coventry is to obey the apostolic injunction concerning the entertainment of strangers. Whether angels have ever been found among the city's visitors, I cannot say. This I know, Princess and myself were, on that summer afternoon, as angelic as we knew how to be.

The most attractive part of Mrs. Bray's cottage was the morning room, a large piazza walled in with glass, in order that all the sun's

rays might be retained for the mistress whose circulation was growing a little sluggish.

In this room were gathered mementoes of the thinkers of her day whom Mrs. Bray had counted among her friends. These took the form of autograph manuscripts, portraits, busts and gifts of books from their authors. Here the good lady might sit in the evening of life, and commune with the spirits of departed great ones at their best and highest.

We felt doubtful about making an effort to see more of the Evans house in the Foleshill Road than was visible from the highway; but Mrs. Bray's housekeeper urged.

"O, by all means, ladies, ask to see the garden. Permission to do that is always given cheerfully."

Thus encouraged, we set forth, going a part of the way on the top of a tram, and walking the remainder of the distance along the beautiful road. At length we reached the house; and, ringing at the side door, proffered our humble request to the smart maid who answered our summons. This person-

age left us standing outside "W'ile she went to h'ahsk."

To us presently came the mistress of the house, far less imposing and "uppish" than her domestic. She was, in fact, a most kindly and cordial lady, who would not listen to such a thing as our going away with merely a sight of the garden. She herself conducted us over the house, carefully noting the addition made since the end of the Evans occupation. She showed us George Eliot's own room, and gave us sprigs from the holly tree under the window near which she used to sit at her writing. The lady even went with us over the lawn and gardens, to our expressions of gratitude returning the gracious answer:

"O, please don't mention it; I visited America the year of the Columbian exposition; and every one was so kind to me, that I made a vow to return the kindness to every American who should come in my way."

At last, we dragged our reluctant feet out of the beautiful gardens, and betook ourselves by tram and cab to Griff House, near

Nuneaton, the childhood home of the creator of Tom and Maggie. The people who occupy this house evidently did not come over to the Columbian exposition, for they do not admit visitors to their home. Consequently, we were obliged to content ourselves with wandering about the grounds, and trying to determine from an exterior view, the probable location of the attic in which little Mary Ann Evans used to subject her own wooden doll to the treatment which she describes Maggie Tulliver as inflicting upon her inanimate scapegoat.

A strange, unhappy girlhood, this of Marian Evans, must have been. Isolated by her very genius from real association with the persons who surrounded her, and doubtless by them accounted "queer," she lived alone with her thoughts and emotions, her mind a highly sensitized plate whereon the life she witnessed left indelible impressions. Her analysis of the thoughts and emotions of her rustic neighbors in her first and greatest novels, shows how closely and sympathetic-

ally she studied them, although they had but small understanding of her.

But I am roused from the reflections by the voice of my mentor, the Princess, asking whether it is my intention to return to Coventry, and thence to Warwick this afternoon, or to spend the night in the garden of Griff House. She gives point and emphasis to her questions by reminding me that our cab is hired by the hour.

Moved by the tone of her voice, as well as by her thrifty suggestion, I bid farewell to Griff House, and we set our faces once more toward Coventry.

Arrived at the station, we learn that the train is late. I generously refrain from remarking to Princess that we might have staid half an hour longer at Griff House. To this silence I am partly held by the reflection that my fellow traveler would reply:

“Of, if we had staid, such is the perversity of trains that this one would have been on time.”

Presently, seeing my uneasiness, Princess observes:

"There are two hospitals here, two churches—the other 'spires'—and a bicycle factory. You might visit some of those while we wait."

Whereto I respond:

"We are coming again for the hospitals and churches. As for bicycle factories, they abound in Dayton, Ohio, and other parts of Uncle Samuel's country, where George Eliot, Peeping Tom and Lady Godiva never lived, nor Isabella of the uneasy conscience built churches to atone for her crimes. Bicycle factories in Coventry have no attractions for me."

After a time, Princess goes for a solitary stroll along the platform; she returns soon, wearing a most grim and forbidding expression upon her usually vivacious face. She volunteers no explanation. I ask for none, but resolve that I, too, will promenade and thereby, possibly, learn something interesting.

As I move down the long platform, my eye is caught by the pretty white-capped maids at the refreshment stands. The after-

noon is warm, and the maids look refreshingly cool and neat. We have thus far in our wanderings absorbed various strange and unappetizing liquids poured out for us in response to our request for lemonade. A sudden inspiration seizes me at sight of the fine-looking lemons piled up on the tables. I cheerfully approach the door and say to the white-capped Hebe:

“One lemon-squash, please.”

She perpetrates the usual “Thank you-ou-ou,” with the inevitable drawl and the maddening upward slide, squeezes the juice of half an enormous lemon into a glass of water, with

“Four-pence, please; thank you-ou,” and hies her away to supply the wants of another thirsty traveler.

With pleasing anticipations of “h’American lemonade,” I raise the glass to my mouth; but this is, sometimes, a disappointing world; there is no sugar in the stuff, and the girl is beyond reach, and evidently intends to remain there; she is coquetting with a man in tweeds, and evidently finds that more inter-

esting than looking after my prosaic necessities. I swallow enough of the acid to relieve my thirst; try to comfort myself with the thought that lemon juice and water is a good corrective for biliousness; set the glass down rather hard; and then return to my comrade, wearing an expression as unpleasant as her own had been shortly before.

As soon as she catches sight of my face, that young woman, enlightened by experience, cries out:

“Ah, you have been trying a lemon-squash!”

“Yes, for my sins,” I reply with a groan; and then we both laugh, with the prolonged laughter that comes of utter exhaustion, and that in some way relieves the nervous tension and makes us feel better.

When we reach our own room at the Dale, we add another chapter to our history of “lemonade as she is drunk” in the British Isles; and then go to bed to dream of fascinating old houses, churches and winding streets whose guardian angels are kindly folk governed by a desire to make the stranger

happy by helping him to find everything he most desires to see.

The next day was the one set for the arrival of Miss Bradford and Helen; so we went to the station to meet them. In my surprise at finding Ned with them—Princess did not seem at all astonished—and the interchange of questions and explanations, so much time was consumed, that when we tried to find a cab, the last one had disappeared.

“You see mum,” explained the lame old man who seemed the presiding genius of the place. “So many h’Americans came h’in h’on this train that they’ve swallowed h’every cab h’about the place.”

So we were fain to content ourselves with engaging a boy to bring the baggage to the hotel in a hand-cart, while we ourselves went thither on foot.

Helen and I walked on together, while Ned escorted Miss Bradford and Princess.

“Now, tell me,” I said, when we were fairly started, “where you found Ned. I haven’t this matter cleared up yet.”

“We had been in Edinburgh two days,”

replied Helen, "when Mr. Andrus surprised us by walking into the hotel dining-room, just after we had sat down to dinner. When he saw us, he asked if he might take a vacant seat near, and Auntie said, 'O, certainly.' We were very glad to see him, and he made the rest of the journey much easier for us inexperienced travelers."

Just then I heard Miss Bradford's voice behind me, saying:

"So fortunate, was it not, that Mr. Andrus should have happened to come to the Old Waverly, too? You have no idea what a help he has been."

"O, when people are traveling about this little island, they are bound to run against each other more or less," commented Princess; and something revealed to me that she had played some part in bringing about this particular coincidence. "And I'm sure Ned ought to know how to make himself useful; Peregrina and I have done our best to discipline him."

"That is true," responded Ned heartily. "I cannot complain, with any show of justice,

that my cousins have ever neglected me in any way."

I could detect the same tone of suppressed mischief in his voice that I had before remarked in the tones of the Princess. I glanced at Helen; she did not return my look directly; but I could see a glimmer of fun under her long dark lashes, and a faint quiver in the dimples about her mouth. So I was sure that my suspicions had been correct, and that Princess had been assisting the fates a little by means of the royal mails.

Our three friends enjoyed the Dale as much as we did, and found our hostess, a timid little creature whom Helen christened "the startled fawn," as attentive to their wishes and careful of their comforts as any one could be. Even Miss Bradford expressed her lofty satisfaction.

We all went together to St. Mary's Church, whose chief attraction is beautiful Beauchamp chapel, where are buried Robert, Earl of Leicester,—Lettice, his wife, and the "noble imp" their son. The crypt of the church is also interesting, chiefly because it contains

a ducking-stool, once used as a means of discipline for the good dames of Warwick when they showed themselves too glib and shrill of tongue. I wondered what befell the men in like circumstances; and Ned expressed his intention of having one or two instruments made after that model for the benefit of certain politicians in his home ward.

There is a set of chimes in St. Mary's tower, which plays a different tune for every day in the week. At midnight, the tune for the closing day is played, followed immediately by that which is to gladden the ears of the inhabitant of Warwick and the stranger within his gates during the next twenty-four hours. There is something wrong with the machinery, so that, in places, the time is quite peculiar, and occasionally one or two notes fail to sound. The effect of this singular behavior on the part of the bells is simply maddening when one is trying to go to sleep after a hard day's work. Princess and I amused ourselves in the still watches of the night, trying to imagine why any one had ever wished for a set of chimes that rang every quarter-

hour seven days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year, for century after century.

One morning at the breakfast table Helen propounded the theory that the purpose of the contrivance must have been to prevent people from sleeping too soundly, at a period when the devout were expected to observe primes and matins.

"It would take something more than chimes to keep the people of this town awake," objected Ned. "It's my opinion that the machine was devised as a penance for monks who were too fond of the profane art of music. It would certainly have been a sufficiently severe penalty for most sins."

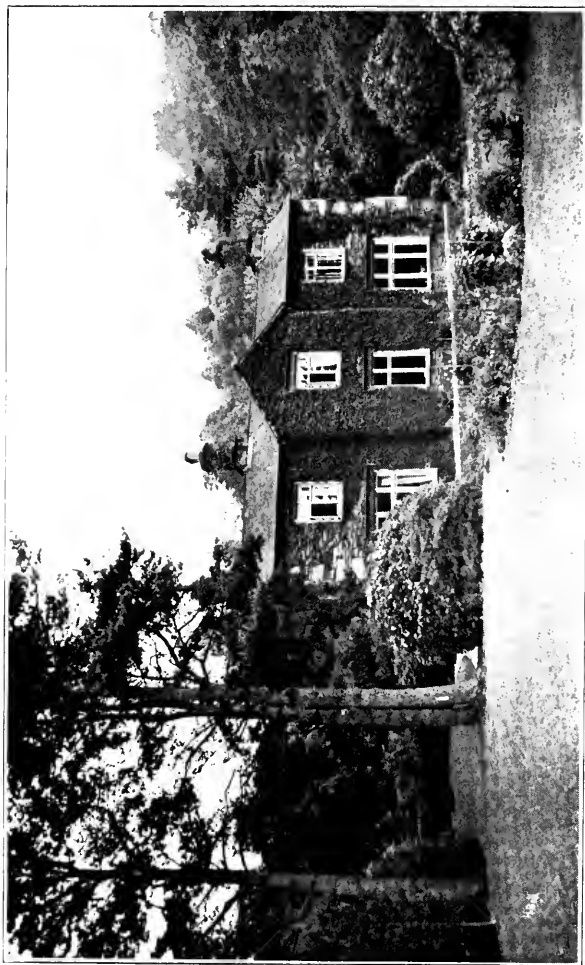
We did not care much for the service at St. Mary's on week days. The congregation was small and seemed indifferent, and the clergyman had a voice that should have been a bar to his ordination.

We did enjoy dropping in occasionally at the picturesque and quiet old church of St. Nicholas for the unpretentious reading of morning prayers; and, on Sunday, we found a dissenting chapel, where a simple and prac-

tical sermon was preached, and the singing reminded us of the efforts of country choirs in our own beloved land.

One of the most attractive places in Warwick is Leicester's Hospital. Nothing else can give the visitor the concentrated flavor of the town, like this home for disabled soldiers. The building dates from the fourteenth century; and was, therefore, about two hundred years old when it was ceded to our ancient enemy, Robert Dudley, for the housing of a hospital that he was minded to found.

Among all the old houses that give kindly greeting from every corner and by street of Warwick, none are so beautiful as this group, standing in the friendly shadow of the west gate. There is a greater number of curious gables, and all the beams and projecting bits of wood are more elaborately carved here than elsewhere in the town. Here, too, are displayed the coats of arms of the numerous patrons of the institution. Conspicuous among them are the bear-and-ragged-staff of the Nevilles and the Dudleys, and Sidney's



DR. ARNOLD'S HOME NEAR AMBLESIDE.

rather formidable porcupine. It is hard to connect this grotesque and bristling animal with the chivalrous, intellectual, and efficient gentleman who sparkled as the chief jewel of Elizabeth's dominions. But most of us receive something undesirable from our ancestors; and Sidney was fortunate, if all the disagreeable things connected with his forebears were found in this cognizance of the hedgehog.

The brother who showed us about was quite as interesting as the place itself, and a fitting guide to its beauties and mysteries. For a long period he served his queen in her armies, having been upwards of twenty years in India. For twenty-six years he had dwelt in the hospital, daily growing prouder of his position, its dignities, and privileges. He informed us with a manner that conveyed the impression that nothing short of a prostration on our part would do justice to the announcement that he had, shortly before, "ad the h'onor h'of showin' 'is Royal 'ighness the Prince h'of Wales h'over the 'aouse an' graounds."

Fortunate Prince of Wales! How delightful it must be to create happiness for such numbers of people, merely by letting them gaze when you pass by, or better still, open a door for you. When all is said, royalty has its uses.

The old garden is divided into long strips, each assigned to a brother who cultivates it according to his own fancy. Each strip contains potatoes, vegetables, and various old-fashioned flowers, all growing harmoniously, side by side.

Between the brothers' garden and the court, stands a vase, a milométer, an exquisite piece of creamy white stone, with the usual lotus and the wavy lines representing the waters of the Nile. Beside this patriarch among vases, the great one from Hadrian's villa which is to be seen at the castle, appears very young and a trifle commonplace. The Roman vase is much larger and far more profusely ornamented, but the Egyptian, with its simple dignified lines, is full of the mystery and wonder inseparable from the race whose creation it is. The Roman vase saw

the decline of the Caesars, but this one was standing by the Nile when Rameses built his treasure-cities.

The gateway between garden and court is spanned by a Norman arch found in the crypt of the neighboring chapel, when that building was restored a few years ago. In its present position the arch is very effective, and excites no feeling of dissatisfaction over its change of location. There is here that atmosphere of quiet remoteness from every-day life that we are wont to associate with a Cathedral close, so the ecclesiastical arch seems quite at home.

In the kitchen stands the chair occupied by James I when he was entertained in the banqueting hall above; and close by is a Saxon chair dating from King Alfred's time. The guide-books say it is uncomfortable, but I did not find it so.

Near the clock hang two bits of faded tapestry wrought by the hands of no less a person than fair Amy Robsart. Our guide took delight in calling attention to the fact that Sir Walter has made a mistake in dates; for

Amy, at the time of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, had been dead twelve years. Well, suppose she had? It is none the less Sir Walter's Amy over whose tomb at Oxford we drop a tear, literal or figurative; and not all the pious inscriptions in the hospital which his lordship of Leicester founded, will change our rooted opinion that the said Leicester was an unmitigated rascal. It satisfies one's sense of poetic justice to hear the dark whisper that Countess Lettice, whose marble hand Earl Robert is represented as holding most affectionately on their tomb in Beauchamp Chapel, did poison her lordly consort, because she preferred some other man to him. It was not a nice thing for the lady to do, but his fate was as good as the earl deserved.

The banqueting hall with its beams of Spanish cedar, white and fresh as if cut yesterday, was particularly interesting to our guide, because of the banquet in honor of King James, before referred to. He affected to read an inscription commemorating the occasion, but really repeated it by rote. This

he did with great sound, bringing his heels together in a way that suggested the propriety of a flourish of trumpets, either at the beginning or end of the performance.

The tiny chapel over the West Gate has seats for the accommodation of the brethren and their wives. Here, at ten in the morning on week-days the service is read by the Master, who is always a clergyman of the Church of England. On Sundays, the brothers attend service at St. Mary's in the village, and mightily proud they are, in their dark-blue gowns and the silver badges bearing the Leicester arms.

At the west end of the chapel, to the left of the door, is the Master's seat, and to the right that of the nobleman who is at the head of the board of trustees. The stalls of the brethren face each other, six on a side; and, nearer the altar, are the corresponding seats for their wives.

At each brother's place is a Bible and a prayer-book. Tradition hath it that, sometime in the sixties, money was contributed to buy books for the old ladies. Thereupon,

the brethren promptly took possession of the new books, passing the old ones on to their better halves. Not a very chivalrous proceeding, was it? But then, they carefully explain, the brothers are the real beneficiaries of the foundation, and their wives, to use a Yankee phrase, "connected only by marriage."

So true is this statement that, when a brother dies, his widow, however aged and helpless, must leave the shelter of the hospital, and seek a home elsewhere. The fees of visitors are now devoted to a fund intended to provide for the poor women and prevent their being left homeless as well as widowed.

Our guide proudly showed us that the old west wall of the city formed a part of the boundary line of the hospital demesne; and could, in consequence, never be removed. He was a prince of guides, for he loved the old building, and his guidance was not a mere form of conducting troublesome strangers over the house and grounds. He allowed nothing to pass unnoticed; he put us at the best points for observing, and insisted upon

our seeing every bit of carving and the smallest letter of each inscription.

Just as we were leaving, we ventured to ask his name; he showed us an envelope addressed to Robert Owen, saying with a smile:

“You see, ’owever much h’I pay, h’I’m h’always a h’Owen.”

With this remark as food for meditation, until elimination of superfluous h’s should reveal its occult meaning, we bade our *cicerone* good-bye, and turned away from the sturdy-looking figure at the gate, a figure whose ruddy face, crowned by snowy hair, bore an expression of pity for the foreigners who might never, as disabled British soldiers of certain favored counties, be sent to end their days at Leicester’s hospital.

Of course, all visitors to Warwick go to see the castle. If one might wander about the armory long enough to make acquaintance with the relics gathered therein, or pause in the picture-gallery for a sufficient length of time to identify the famous personages whose portraits are there displayed, the visit might

be both pleasant and profitable; for the stout old fortress is associated with some of the most stirring events of English history.

Although visitors are driven through the castle by a red-uniformed soldier whose general appearance and behavior suggest those of a loquacious lobster, and although the rate of speed at which the traveler progresses is like that of a pea through a pop-gun, and we reach the exit too warm and ruffled to carry away very affectionate memories of Sir Guy's punch-bowl, or the rib of the "dun cow," which is "very like a whale's," it is always possible to enjoy the garden and the park at leisure.

Here, the most attractive things are not the peacocks, preening and strutting in the sun, and very evidently enjoying the admiration they excite; nor even the great Warwick vase; but the mighty cedars of Lebanon, which some long-ago lord of the manor brought from the Holy Land in old crusading days. Sad-looking trees they are, with a mournful voice when the wind breathes upon them, reminders of dead generations, and of

faiths and enthusiasms that have not perished, but taken on new forms.

Princess refused to allow me to go to the castle with the others, declaring that I had come home from my last visit so cross as to be unfit for civilized society. Accordingly, while she went to our room to nurse a headache, I, having seen the others started, went out to sketch the old chapel over the East Gate.

When Helen returned at noon, she came to stand in our door, with her hands behind her, looking at me with dancing eyes.

"When children are made to stay at home from interesting places, it is always proper for those who are allowed to go, to bring home something nice for them, isn't it?"

Then she flourished a beautiful peacock's feather.

"Where did you get that?" demanded Princess and I in one breath.

"Well," the young lady replied deliberately, "I saw that one of these gorgeous birds was about to lose this feather; and so, while Auntie was listening to the rigmarole that

old parrot reels off about the '*vahze*,' I followed the vain creature about till the feather dropped on the ground, and then I picked it up and brought it home for Miss Peregrina to put in that precious book where she keeps all her treasures and relics. Possibly it would have taken longer to secure the feather, if Mr. Andrus hadn't helped me a little."

Kenilworth is, on the whole, more satisfying than Warwick Castle. Here no guide hurries the visitor from place to place mumbling statements uninteresting to himself and unintelligible to his hearers.

As a rule, guides should be stationed here and there in historic grounds and buildings, with instructions to remain silent unless questioned, and should be paid in proportion to their obedience to these orders.

At Kenilworth, the stranger may wander at will about the ruins, locating the spots where tourneys were held of yore; may even imagine Queen Bess, in all the glory of one of her most marvelous costumes, sweeping over the bridge into the castle yard; may fancy, too, in spite of dates, that he sees Amy

Robsart's frightened face, looking out from the tower window down upon the pleasance, trying to catch a glimpse of the dazzling fickle hero who had captivated her girlish imagination.

Stones and mortar may crumble, and ivy cover the walls, but for us there rise again the banquet-hall, the chapel, the towers, Kenilworth in its glory as perhaps it was seen on a summer's day in the sixth or seventh decade of the sixteenth century by Master John Shakespeare's lad, Will.

The American who reads so much, and withal so meekly, about the commercial spirit that prevails in his own country, and the worship of the "almighty dollar" so fervent and widespread there, has always a feeling of amusement in going about Stratford, and paying a shilling or sixpence at every turn; to see Anne Hathaway's house, to enter Shakespeare's birthplace, to visit the museum and library, for entrance to the beautiful old church where lies the dust that once housed the soul of the greatest poet of the world. Within the church one is pursued by a deter-

mined young man in clerical dress, who is quite resolved that no visitor, especially if an American, shall escape paying tribute. The harassed pilgrim wishes that he might pay the sum of all these shillings and sixpences immediately upon his entry into the town, and then be left in peace to pursue his investigations and dream his time away. The average, fairly well-read American knows a great deal more about Shakespeare and his haunts than the average so-called guide can tell him; and is willing, if necessary to pay for the privilege of being left alone during his stay in Stratford, provided he can do his paying all at one time, and be thereafter free to pursue his own devices.

In the south transept of Trinity Church is the so-called American window. Near it is a box bearing the persuasive legend: "\$—— are necessary for the completion of this window. If every American visitor would contribute a dollar it might be finished this year."

So far as careful observation can determine, there is aside from the aforementioned dollars nothing American about the window

except a compartment representing the landing of the Pilgrims. Just why King Charles the Martyr (!) and Archbishop Laud should figure in this window, it is difficult to say. Possibly because their behavior drove so many people out of England, and thereby contributed indirectly to the founding of the colonies that later on grew so obstreperous. The connection of these worthies with Shakespeare is equally hard to trace. Queen Bess, Sidney, Raleigh, Ben Jonson, the destruction of the Armada, scenes from the plays, would all have a fitness in Stratford church; while if the window is to be American, Hampden, Pym, and Eliot, or Sir Henry Vane, were better subjects, even stout old Noll, himself, though he was not beautiful; nor, if one may believe the statements of custodians and vergers, any warm admirer of stained glass.

If Cromwell or his troops were guilty of half the destruction laid to their charge, they must have led a busy life. Recent investigations, however, cause me to believe that His Majesty King Henry the Eighth, of pious

memory, did his share of smashing, and that from far less exalted motives than those which actuated Cromwell and his Ironsides.

The promoters of this window would show far greater reverence for the "lamp of truth" by such portraits as those suggested than by the ones placed here. As the window now stands, it is calculated to arouse lively sympathy with Cromwell's feeling toward its kind.

When all is said, we must acknowledge that Oliver and his comrades gave us something better than that which they destroyed; honesty, reverence for truth, uprightness, purity of life, civil and religious freedom. Charles was a spoiled child, and Laud, his tool and victim. "The Martyr!" Martyr to his own obstinacy and his inability to tell the truth, "or even," Ned amends "to tell a consistent lie and stick to it." Cathedral glass may be replaced; "restoration funds," like the poor, are always with us; but the legacy of Puritan England, the world, though often unconscious of its heritage, could ill afford to spare,

After the indignation meeting of which the above paragraphs afford a sort of secretary's report, we soothed our ruffled spirits by a quiet time in the chancel with its curious "skew." One can always spare a few minutes from the tomb, with its startling inscription and unconvincing bust, to enter into the spirit of the old builders, who drew every line and laid every stone in loving remembrance of the story of the Cross; and perhaps of all the symbolism found in Gothic churches, none is more touching than this bending of the chancel to recall the drooping of the weary head of the thorn-crowned Son of God.

The bust of Shakespeare in the church certainly does violence to one's every conception of the way a poet should look. Only the dome-like head and the lofty brow are at all in harmony with the mind of the artist as shown in his work. Doubtless the bust is the production of a local artist who was more stone mason than sculptor, and it therefore shows only the most obvious traits, leaving unnoted all those finer lines which give to any face its individual distinction. This may be unfair

to the maker of the bust; but it is impossible to believe that the creator of Cordelia, Rosalind, Juliet, Viola, the two Portias, and the rest of their gracious sisterhood, could have resembled that object. Besides, as Ned remarked, "if that donkey who calls himself a guide, over at the Shakespeare house, wouldn't persist in trimming his hair and beard so as to make him look like that monument, one could believe in it more easily."

It may be thought that these views of our company are due to our having eaten something that disagreed with us during our visit to Stratford. This would be a serious mistake. We had walked across the flowery fields to Shottery; and after exploring Anne Hathaway's cottage, returned to Stratford, tired and hungry, as doubtless did William himself many a time, after the same promenade. By our twelve-years-old guide—an ideal age for a guide on such a tramp—we were conducted to an inn where we feasted sumptuously on lamb with mint-sauce and green peas, and other truly English and exceedingly palatable viands. One grows at

times a trifle weary of "the roast beef"—and roast mutton—"of old England"; but this meal had keen hunger for a sauce and was duly appreciated.

No; dyspepsia did not cloud our judgment in the matter. It is pretty well-established now that the thoughts and feelings do in time chisel the face into some expression of themselves. And, even though Shakespeare, after the fashion of his time, may have drunk overmuch sack and canary at the Mermaid Inn, and elsewhere, nevertheless he had oftentimes great and noble thoughts, and somewhere upon his countenance they must have left a slight trace.

Doubtless the artist, by his very keenness of perception, is exposed to special temptations from the sensuous side of his nature. But even though he be

"Chance—swung between the sky and pit."

he is by that very fact, sometimes lifted to the upper air, and must show some trace of his communication with the higher intelligences.

CHAPTER VI.

OXFORD.

Ned was called back to London the day after our last visit to Stratford; and a few days later the rest of our company went on to Oxford. There is no more delightful fashion of spending a summer's day or two than in loitering about the colleges and cloisters of the University. Usually we finish our inspection of city by a comprehensive drive through its streets; but, in Oxford, we began with a leisurely survey of the town from comfortable seats in a shabby-looking cab. Occasionally, we stopped for a closer view of something particularly interesting as St. Mary's Church, whereof the features that I remember most distinctly are the twisted pillars outside and the tomb of Amy Robsart within.

Is it not strange how one's thoughts cling about Amy's shadowy figure? She had no salient points of character to attract one's interest; and Helen declares that she is quite

sure Amy would not have cared so very much for Leicester had he been a less dazzling personage; that, in short, she was more in love with the idea of being chosen by this dashing cavalier than with Robert Dudley himself. Moreover, if the portrait which I bought at Kenilworth tells the truth about her, I see more beautiful and attractive girls than she every day—when I'm at home. They don't drive all the men who know them to despair, dueling, or the exploration of distant regions, either. I wonder if the masculine half of our race is less inflammable than of yore, or if the flames are more successfully hidden. In faith, I think, were I a man, I could fall in love, almost any day, with any one of several maids that I know. Perhaps I have hit upon the key to the puzzle; in the multiplicity of attractions, the brothers are perhaps bewildered and unable to concentrate their affections upon one object.

No one can look at the Martyr's Monument without a thrill of pride in his race. Those whom it commemorates were men of like frailties with our own, with just such un-

expected manifestations of weakness, and occasional hours of strength; yet they faced fagot and stake calmly, even triumphantly, for the truth as revealed to them. The story of Cranmer's burning his hand is pathetic, but full of comfort for all such as are given to asking themselves whether, at need, they could face obloquy and torture for the sake of principle.

The favored youth of England ought to be keyed to high ideals and lofty purposes, prepared to live the strenuous life in a fashion helpful to themselves and the world. Some such results we have a right to expect from men who pass so many of their formative years at Eton, Rugby, and Oxford. If, indeed, the mind be

"Like the dyer's hand,
Subdued to that it works in,"

then from living in this storied town, straying about Christchurch meadows and the college quadrangles, living in the halls, sitting in the libraries, and, in general, simmering in the atmosphere of the place, it would seem that

the Oxonian must absorb culture and right thinking, even though he lack diligence and regularity in prescribed study and attendance at lectures.

Doubtless, however, most of these privileged creatures appreciate the blessings of the University town only when separated from it by time and space.

What a joy to spend days and hours reading the priceless books and manuscripts in the Bodleian library, and to revive and strengthen one's notions of history by interviews with the portraits here and in the other libraries and galleries.

To look at the portraits of Chaucer and Shelley is to break the tenth commandment; or, at least, to wrench it badly. I wonder what Mrs. Browning meant by speaking of Chaucer's

"infantine,
Familiar clasp of things divine."

Familiar he certainly is, at times; but never infantine. It is a kindly face he shows us, looking out from beneath his dark hood, but the

blue-grey eyes are keen; the mouth, for all its half smile, firm; and, altogether, one gathers from his portrait that Dan Chaucer had a very sophisticated understanding of men and things. How could it be otherwise? As a lad he knew the court of Edward III intimately; and, as a vintner's son, doubtless knew certain foibles and short-comings of the great folk who dealt with his father.

It is not probable that young Geoffrey was far away when the slogan sounded for some 'fray of the 'prentices in the streets of Old London Town. Not that he was quarrelsome; O, no; merely a sane, healthy, natural boy; and, as such he liked to be where things were happening. So, later on he went a-soldiering, and by the fortunes of war spent some time in a foreign prison. Again, he hied him forth in state, ambassador for His Majesty the King. Truly, a varied life he led, this poet of ours, and never far from "the kindly race of men." For Chaucer, despite the fact that "a babbled o'green fields" in most delightful wise, is essentially a poet of humanity, laughing at, but loving, his kind.

We gather that there was much coarseness in the England of his day; but we find evidence that he knows what a true gentleman is like,

“Of his porte as meke as is a mayde;
He never yit no vilonye ne sayde,
In al his lyf, unto no manner wight;
He was a verray parfight, gentil knight.”

and one may go far before meeting his better.

As to the current superstition that Chaucer was unhappy in his domestic relations, one need only look at this portrait to be sure that the theory is nonsense. That is the face of a man who could laugh Xantippe herself into good humor. To be sure there are documents which show that the poet sometimes drew his salary in advance. Mayhap he smuggled costly manuscripts into his library without consulting his wife, a course of conduct that has produced clouds of varying size and density upon the horizon of the married bibliomaniac in all ages.

Perhaps over-indulgence in “bookes blakke and rede” at times produced a scarcity of coin

wherewith to meet the demands of our tried friends

“The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker.”

Wherefore there was the sound of dissension in the Chaucer household, and Philippa lifted up her voice, while Geoffrey put on his cloak and stole away to wait for a calmer season. But beyond brief squalls of this nature, I decline to believe the unpleasantness went. Chaucer's frequent sarcastic reference to women in his poems, were due to the fashion of his times; he adopted them from his French models along with his April weather, which he knew very well doesn't come in England until May.

But we must not let Chaucer's portrait monopolize our visit. Here is a tempting manuscript, the finest in the world of the "Song of Roland." If, before I tear myself away from the case containing this and similar treasures, I am not arrested for an attempt at grand larceny, my family, on the arrival of the last Thursday in November, will

not need to seek further causes of gratitude; the mission-boxes in their vicinage should overflow with thank-offerings.

Yet the days which produced such marvels of the book-maker's art are called days of ignorance. I am coming to the conclusion that knowledge and ignorance are distributed with tolerable evenness. The man who reads my gas-meter cannot enjoy Homer in the original nor follow Dante in his progress through the other world; but he can make my bill of vast proportions, even in summer when the jets are rarely lighted. Verily, it is never safe to call any human being ignorant or stupid.

In the gallery above the library hang pictures with which one would like to live for months. The portrait of the present king, painted during his student days, gives little promise of the proportions to which he has since attained. He looks a nice laddie, and his appearance affords some excuse for the *furore* one reads of in the old magazines which tell the story of his visit to America in the early sixties.

Here are all our old friends, Pope, Addi-

son, and their company, Erasmus, that enigma of Reformation days; the Duke of Wellington; the founder of the Sheldonian theater, dark and grim of face, but with exquisite hands shaded by his filmy lace ruffles. But Miss Bradford is pouring out information in her usual style, a style intended to convey to her hearers the impression that here is a very learned lady indeed, but which usually has the effect of making them very much in love with unpretending ignorance. Some of the information imparted is incorrect, and other some is of the sort possessed by everybody, but it all pours out steadily in a stately, slow-moving stream, until perceiving that the rest of the visitors to the gallery are, like ourselves, growing weary and nervous, we manage—or rather Helen does, for she is skillful from long practice—to get the lady orator out of the gallery, and set out to ramble through the Magdalen gardens, trusting that they will not provide any learned disquisitions.

We wander along Addison's walk quite peacefully, and agree that the great essayist displayed as good taste in his choice of a

lounging-place as in his use of English. Helen found a linden-blossom lying in the path, and gave it to me; and now, whenever I open the volume to the leaf whereon the pale-green flower lies, the faint, sweet perfume brings back in all its freshness and beauty the shaded walk, the river flecked with sunlight dropping through the over-hanging lime-boughs, the twittering of sparrows among the trees, the blue sky with its lazily-drifting clouds; all the sights, sounds, and odors of an English garden, with the added glamour of associations centuries old.

At last, whether the wanderer move slowly or swiftly, his stay in Oxford draws to a close. He must gather his belongings, few or many and "move on." But the memory of the old town, with its winding streets, its busy market, its ancient colleges in their charmed gardens and fields, is one more bit of wealth laid away to count and gloat over in coming days.

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON TOWN.

Does any American ever reach London without experiencing a curious thrill at the thought that, at last, he is in the capital and treasure-city of his race?

Coming from Oxford, one leaves the train at Paddington station. Now, in most of the modern English novels that I have read, somebody at a critical point in the story, either leaves or arrives by way of Paddington station; and cabbies are frequently given the order, "To Paddington." This is equally true, of course, with regard to Euston, Charing Cross, Victoria, or Waterloo. That is the beauty of London; while you are within its limits, no matter where you stand or sit, you can always play at being some interesting or important person, who has stood or sat just there.

We took up our abode in Bloomsbury, at a house where Princess and I had staid during

several previous visits to London, in the very heart of Thackeraydom, overlapped by the kingdom of Dickens; for did not the Osbornes live in Russell Square, and Sairy Gamp in King's Gate Street?

Ned was staying at a hotel nearer "the city;" and, in the intervals of business, begged the privilege of going sight-seeing with us. When we had been in the metropolis about a week, I said to Princess one night:

"Did you notice that Miss Bradford treated Ned rather coolly this afternoon? What do you suppose is the matter?"

"O, yes; I've noticed it once or twice before. She has begun to suspect that he does not love her for herself alone."

"If it had not been for her colossal conceit she would have discovered that fact about six weeks ago," I remarked calmly. "Every one else who has seen Ned and Helen together for five minutes has understood the situation. He isn't a bit silly either."

"You are quite right," replied Princess with equal serenity. "You know, my dear, whenever I see an unmarried woman over

thirty, I usually wonder what all the men who know her have been thinking about to leave her unappropriated; but, in Miss Bradford's case, I understood it perfectly. She is almost unendurable, would be entirely so, if she were not Helen's aunt. It shows the extent of Ned's earnestness that he has been able to treat her so very well, and to look after her comfort when he might decently have escaped. Now, my child, prepare yourself; for I'm going to impose a penance on each of us two. One of us will escort the fair and learned Minerva to some highly edifying place each day, while the other will chaperon Helen and Ned elsewhere. Once in a while, we'll rest and reward ourselves by joining forces, and all going for a drive or stroll together."

"But how will you manage to divide the company?"

"The lady Minerva is obtuse; and, as you have justly observed, conceited; she is besides, chief among her shortcomings and parent of many, utterly lacking in any sense of humor. We will ask her to go along with

us and explain things, we will have disagreements as to whose turn it is to enjoy her instructions, and we will each develop a different hobby, so that she can not form us into a class of two.

"I know it will be painful, dear," answering my rueful expression, "especially when her explanations, always old and frequently incorrect, attract the attention of every one in the house; but think of the good we expect to accomplish."

And to such hypocrisy and subterfuge did we descend; but for those sins we need not fear punishment in the hereafter; they brought retribution with them, daily and hourly.

When one goes to the British Museum (unaccompanied by a Miss Bradford) one can pretend to be Dorothy Carteret, or any other delightful young woman given to haunting that gathering-place of storied ghosts. Merely to ride along on the top of an omnibus and read the names of the streets is a joy beyond belief. Think of going down Chancery Lane, and thence by way of St. Martin's Lane to Charing Cross! Is it not all delightfully

Dickensey? Then to ride from St. John's Wood to the East India Docks through Clerkenwell, Mile End Road, and the Poplar Road, why, it is traveling from Bulwer Lytton and D'Israeli to Besant, in the most interesting fashion imaginable.

By taking a seat toward the front on the omnibus-roof, and bestowing a few coppers on the driver, the explorer may gain much valuable information. Some of it is liable to frequent repetition. I have had Apsley House pointed out to me seven times in the course of one day and evening; but this serves to impress valuable knowledge upon the mind. One also learns during the drive, if he puts his questions skillfully, a great deal about that interesting and important subject, "how the other half lives."

There, are countless fascinating ways of becoming acquainted with London. One may trace out the Roman city with the aid of Besant; then, under the same wise and kindly guidance, the Saxon town, following the old wall around what is still "the city," as distinct from the rest of the metropolis as the "town"

of the ancient Greeks from the "Lower Town;" or one may dig into ecclesiastical history, collating and comparing the annals of the many ancient churches. One may follow Dickens about from Camberwell to the Borough Road; or dwell in Brixton with "Edna Lyall's" excellent *bourgeoisie*; strengthen his impressions of mediaeval life and manners by hours spent in the Guild Hall and in the Record Office where lies the mighty Domesday Book; or, delight of delights, may revel in the old volumes that are, in Yankee phrase, "corded up" along Holywell Street and Paternoster Row. What a paradise for the booklover of limited means. Here one may choose from the entire body of British verse, drama, fiction and history, not to mention a goodly number of works from over-sea; he may make selection among Latin volumes of all sizes and periods, together with enlivening works on theology and medicine. Like a certain place mentioned by our old friend, P. Vergilius Maro, "Bookseller's Row," *alias* Holywell St., is, to

a certain class of persons, easy of access but very hard to leave.

Nor is Holywell the only locality which tempts persons of the class referred to. There are attractive shops in Southampton Row, in Museum Street and the alleys leading therefrom, where one may spend many a happy hour and part cheerfully with much coin of the realm.

Princess and I have a ceremony known as "gloating," which we perform, like the two brothers in the song, "whenever we see fit." This celebration has nothing to do with either sun, moon, or signs of the zodiac; it is wholly dependent upon our success in gathering mementoes of our stay in the various places that have attracted our wandering feet. The method of procedure is to spread out upon the table or the bed, preferably the latter, as affording a greater superficial area, the spoils which we have gathered. Then we comment upon and rejoice over each article, anon hugging ourselves and each other, or performing an impromptu ballet, as we recall some satis-

fyng or interesting circumstances connected with the various purchases.

The collections are varied; they consist of photographs, old engravings, casts, bits of marble, jewelry—in small quantities—carved wood, rude prints illustrative of local life and customs, gloves, shell combs and pins, cameos, scraps of lace, and old books.

Our joy is tempered in these later years by thoughts of the New York Custom House. After our first visit to Europe, I carried home a large valise full of books, declared the same in all frankness, and was permitted to depart in peace, carrying my treasures with me, without fine or penalty imposed; but now, alas, times have changed; there hath arisen in the land a prophet called Dingley, bearing an ominous “bill,” and together they have destroyed the peace of the traveler. Books whose copyrights, if any they ever had, have long since expired, wood-cuts whose money value is absolutely *nil* are alike contraband in the eyes of the minions of the law; and the policy of protection becometh a stench in the nostrils of the returning student.

The officials in Philadelphia are, as a rule, milder of manner and more courteous of speech than their brethren in New York. Yet, even in the Quaker City, I saw an amateur photographer mulcted of twenty-seven dollars duty on negatives which he had made abroad, every bit of his material having been purchased in America before leaving. Probably he was paying duty on the European sunlight of which he had made such free use. This may have been law, but it was neither justice nor common sense. However, our "infant industries" must be protected; and, under circumstances like these, one has only to pay the amount assessed or leave his possessions on the dock.

I looked on in wonder at the incident recorded above; and, when the matter had been settled, asked the victim's wife:

"How did Dr. A. happen to have that amount left? Why, if I were compelled to pay any such sum as duty, I should be under the necessity of walking home."

The lady smiled faintly, as she answered:

"O, the Doctor never would have that

amount left. I had put aside a little, in case of emergency."

Such a blessing is a thrifty wife. Princess looked at me significantly as she made a note of the incident for future use, *i. e.*: to terrorize me when I am absolutely bent upon buying inconvenient articles.

But this is wandering a long way from London; and, truth to tell, we seldom allow the Custom House cloud to settle over us very heavily before we have passed the Quarantine Station. What is the use of worrying about duties till we know whether there is small-pox in the steerage or cholera between decks? Once in a way, Princess does invoke the cloud, when I am thinking of negotiating for some such small matter as the Elgin Marbles, the carved wood of the Hotel de Cluny, the bed-room furniture of the Pitti Palace, or a choice bit of Gobelin tapestry.

I am told that it is not considered "good form" in London to visit the British Museum or the Tower, and that many members of the aristocracy have never seen either. Which shows that persons who sacrifice on the altar

of "good form" miss much of the joy of living. But then it is quite likely that they would not enjoy the society of the Pharaohs, or of the Kings of Nineveh, or find deep pleasure in contemplating the drapery of Callirrhoe. This goddess may or may not have had a beautiful face, but her figure, as here represented, is a delight to the eye, and one gets the impression that she knew how to wear her clothes.

As for the horses on the other pediment of the Parthenon, in looking at them, I am obliged to stand with my hands behind me, lest the desire to pat their heads where the veins stand out in such life-like fashion, should overcome my respect for the polite placard which requests the visitor to refrain from touching the objects displayed.

Miss Minerva came near spoiling the British Museum for me. Under her guidance, I had elected to study the Egyptian monuments; but, according to her, I always admired the wrong things, or the right things for the wrong reasons; besides, she insisted upon telling me, in high metallic tones, a

great many things that I did not wish to know, about those old Egyptian heroes, who sit so calmly with their hands resting on their knees. The chief attraction about these sculptures is their suggestion of remoteness and mystery, which is all destroyed, or at least disturbed, when Miss Bradford begins to pour out dates and dimensions.

But Princess took pity on me once, and I came down for a solitary peep at the Antinous, the Clytie, the Daphne, and those charming baby cupids in the Roman room; and, one rainy day, Miss Minerva had neuralgia, and I stole away and spent a whole forenoon in peace with the Elgin Marbles.

We have agreed among ourselves that sometime we will apply for permission to lodge a few weeks in Westminster Abbey; for only thus could one learn to know the dear old place. Ned has promised to look up some good restaurants in the neighborhood where we may take refuge when bitten by hunger; and we will explore till we are satisfied.

Here one seems to have roots running

down deep into the soil. The American moves about among the old memorials, not at all with the feeling of an alien, but rather with that of one who has just come into possession of a piece of ancestral property, beautiful, interesting, sacred, and his own by unquestioned title.

Longfellow seems perfectly at home beside Dryden; and it is entirely a family matter, when we sit down before the tomb of Chaucer, with his shrewd, kindly face looking at us from the window above, Browning and Tennyson lying near, and the busts and statues of the members, great and small, of the brotherhood of letters crowding all about. So much is it our affair that we find it hard to forgive the sinner who spelled Ben Jonson's name with a superfluous h. (How very English!)

I fear pious Edward would think that his minster had been perverted from its original purpose as a place of the worship of God to a building for the glorifying of men. This, too, despite the daily service. The Pantheon at Paris has been formally secularized and set

apart for perpetuating the memories of the departed heroes, bards, and sages of the nation. Westminster Abbey is still called a church! yet I doubt whether it impresses the visitor as a whit more ecclesiastical in character than its neighbor across the channel. It is not for a church service that one goes to Westminster Abbey. Frankly, on a week-day, the service is regarded as rather an interruption to the serious business of the visit. From the Lady Chapel to the towers, and from the door of the north transept to the farthest cloister, every inch of the massive pile is crowded with mementoes of the civil and ecclesiastical history of England. It is to read this history in monument, window, and carven stone, that one comes to the Abbey; and, before setting his foot inside, the visitor should steep himself, long and thoroughly, in Addison, Irving, Hawthorne, Farrar, Stanley, the old chronicles, any one and every one who has said anything worth while about the building. Once admitted, he should avoid vain babblers, official and otherwise, as he would a pestilence, and keep eye, mind and

heart open for what the church itself has to tell him.

What an entirely new view of Henry VII is conveyed by the chapel which bears his name. We remember him chiefly as a wily politician, most canny in regard to the expenditure of money. Yet, in all England, there is little architecture so richly ornamented as that of this chapel. Does not this suggest that he was aesthetic by choice, and niggardly from necessity only? Something like this, Greene has told us; but the testimony of the stone is more convincing.

How one forgets all the unpleasant traits of James I, his pompous manners, his pedantry, his cowardice while one stands beside the cradle-tomb of the baby Princess Sophia. Grand as is the minster church, it emphasizes in some subtle way the human and not the official side of those who have built it or lie buried in it; and causes one to forget differences of rank and flight of time, and remember only the strong, deep-lying bond of kinship.

When it came my turn to be chaperone I

spent several happy days with my charges, in rambling about Fleet Street, past the shop of Izaak Walton, into courts leading to the "Mitre" and "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," where Johnson and the other giants were wont to congregate, and Samuel laid down the law to his companions. I wonder how the latter enjoyed that sort of thing. It must have been a little tiresome to be listener all the time, however much wisdom one heard. If the other members of the Literary Club had been women, I venture to say, they would, sometimes at least, have given way to the impulse to talk all at once, and drown the leader's leonine rumble in a chorus of shrill treble. This would have been excellent discipline for Dr. Samuel.

We enjoyed, each for our own reasons, walking along the street looking at the book-sellers windows and at the wares displayed in the other shops. (I can not make oath that my companions devoted their attention unreservedly to the shop windows; but being a discreet duenna, I did so). The display here is so entirely different from what one sees at

home ; and it is so very wholesome for us to learn that people may live and prosper, while doing things in ways totally different from our own.

It is always well, when in Holywell Street, to take a little peep into St. Clement Danes, the church whose bells, according to the familiar nursery rhyme, discourse sweet music about "oranges and lemons." There is something very attractive about both this church and its neighbor, St. Mary-le-Strand, each standing alone in the midst of a busy street, the tides of life and trade surging by on either hand. As monuments of an elder time, they arouse an interest I am always unable to feel in St. Paul's. When I have seen the tombs of Chinese Gordon, of Wellington, Nelson, and Dr. Donne, and recovered a little from the shock of finding the monument to Cornwallis in a place of honor, the real power of St. Paul's is exhausted. It is very big and magnificent, but conveys the impression that it was, as the children say, "done on purpose," while the older churches are a spontaneous growth.

Another attraction at St. Clement Danes is the pew often occupied by Johnson, in which with some expenditure of diplomacy—and coppers—one may sit down and meditate for a time.

Farther down, near the entrance to Great Farringdon street, a wide thoroughfare which runs, during a part of its course, below the level of the neighboring ways, is the church of St. Bride's, which is well worth a visit. It is a bit of Wren's choicest work, and contains the tomb of no less a person than Samuel Richardson.

If he now knows anything of the fate of his body, it must seem passing strange to him that his outworn mansion should be falling to decay in a spot so secluded. For Samuel, when he dwelt in that mouldering tabernacle, was fond of the social side of life, and was the recipient of much attention from the fair sex. Does he smile now, I wonder, recalling that marvellous creature—Sir Charles Grandison? And what does he think of the lovely Harriet Byron? What a commotion her appearance unfailingly created! Helen of Troy was

scarcely more dangerous to the peace of mankind.

Is it not strange that both Richardson and his readers should have regarded Pamela as a moral work? "Pamela, or, Virtue Rewarded." In reality, "Mr. B." was the person rewarded, and that with a wife far beyond his deserts. This, I maintain; but Princess avers that I am entirely wrong, and that a husband of any kind was a reward for a poor girl; that, therefore, the title is perfectly correct. Ned, however, agrees with me, which, considering the length of time I spent in deciphering the inscription on Richardson's monument the afternoon that I went there in my capacity of chaperone, is only proper gratitude on his part.

Such naive pictures of English social conditions as are found in Richardson's novels, together with the revelations made by Addison, Steele, and Fielding, are likely to make a reader ask himself why the English should assume airs of superior virtue, when discussing French morality.

From St. Bride's Church we go on into

Great Farrington St., past Congregational House, a memorial to the dissenting ministers who gave up their charges under the Act of Conformity. Beyond this building, we pass the Meat Market, a view of which is likely to convert the visitor to vegetarianism. Not that the meat does not appear to be good; but there is such an enormous quantity of it.

A little farther on, we find ourselves before the Blue Coat School. The working school is soon to remove to the country, perhaps has already done so; but the old buildings, rich in memories of Coleridge and Lamb, ought always to remain standing here.

The Blue Coat boys seem to have realized that they were honored by the presence among them of these charity students. What a pity that we do not always know when we are in the best society. Schoolboys come nearer to doing so than most other persons.

I wonder if that particular generation of schoolboys at Christ's Hospital was a more than ordinarily light-hearted one. Certainly the influence of Charles Lamb's sweet nature

ought to have made them all joyous for life. Blessed are the cheerful, for they make sunshine in shady places, is a much needed beatitude for our hurried generation. There is no other virtue that better repays cultivation; and no man except Stevenson can give us so many valuable hints as to its nature and acquisition as that sunniest of burdened mortals, Charles Lamb. He had every excuse for discouragement that a man need present; yet, without any direct preaching on the subject of cheerfulness, he has left behind him a trail of kindly light to help us find our way through life's dark places.

Lamb was an out-and-out Londoner, living his life in the smoky streets of the old city, spending a few days now and then at Brighton or Margate—resorts loved of the middle-class of his native town—finding the beauty and poetry of life on the crowded pavements and in the human interests about him.

One happy day we all went together to the Tower. Fashionable England, I am told, does not visit the Tower. However, most of the English who emigrated to the New World

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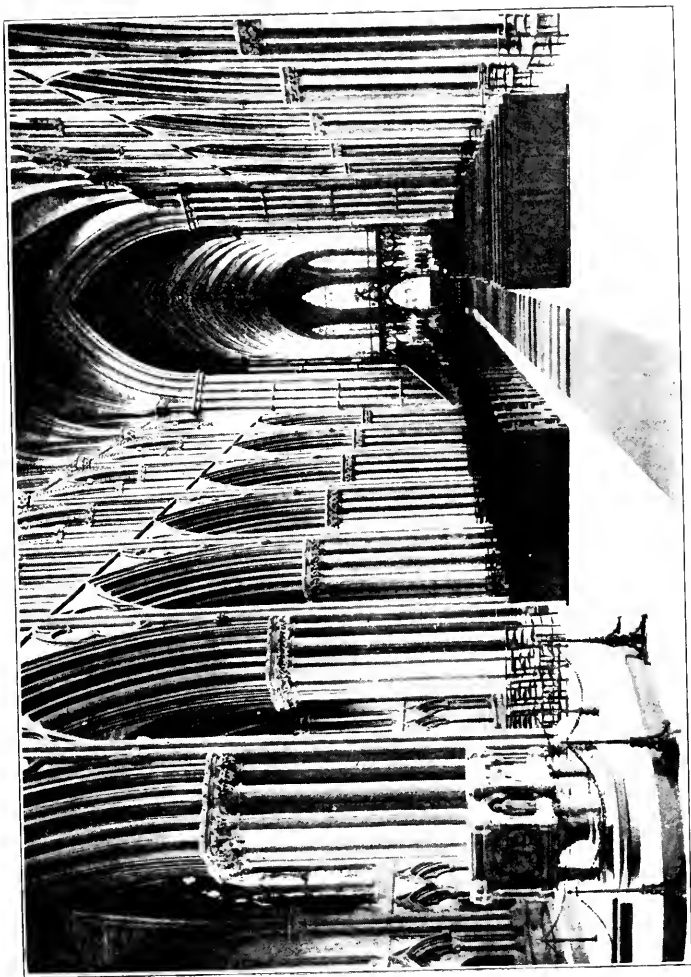
were of the middle class; and we still have many of the sensible notions of the intelligent citizens and country-folk, who made a king to quake upon his throne, and eventually deprived him of a head that seemed unfitted for the work required of it. Therefore, to us, admirers of Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, and others of the "men of Devon" and their kind, as well as of Sir Thomas More, Henry Howard, and the rest of "the glorious dynasty, heirs of the block and axe," the Tower is a treasure-house of associations. The crown-jewels, with all their gold and gems, are cheap in comparison.

I wonder if the thought of these illustrious predecessors did not bring comfort as well as warning to Henry Laurens, sometime envoy from the revolted colonies to His Majesty George the Third, an unwelcome envoy who was given lodgings at the charge of the country to which he was accredited instead of at that of his home government. How would it seem now-a-days to be a prisoner here? "Prisoner in the Tower of London" sounds mediaeval even for Henry Laurens and the

times of George III; but then King George was obsessed by some rather mediaeval notions.

The ancient pile seems a fortress, and a fortress only; it is difficult to imagine pleasure-loving Edward IV established here, with all the luxury of his most luxurious court. It is hard to believe that even hangings of velvet and tapestry could convert this rough walled building into a palace.

The place is full of ghosts, most welcome and interesting ones, entirely suited to the locality. They are the true owners of His Majesty's Tower, these men and women, so many of whose stories, so far as mortals ken, ended here on Tower Hill; criminals and martyrs, men, women, and children even, of every age and degree. How they throng about us, till they veil even the glitter of the crown-jewels and the whimsical dress of the beef-eaters. For what are state salt-cellars, the imperial diadem, even the Koh-i-noor, compared with the memories of those whose blood has so freely watered the soil of a careless country?



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL NAVE.

Finally, we cease contemplating the old armor, the weapons of many patterns, and the various instruments of torture wherewith it was the custom of our pious ancestors, through much agony of body, to drive into the fold of safety the wandering souls of any poor wights whose creed differed from their own.

Coming out into the Yard, we are permitted once more to resume our hand-bags and detachable pockets, taken from us when we entered, lest they might contain dynamite bombs and other explosives destined for the destruction of the building.

The good-natured policeman, in answer to our inquiries about the nearest way to London Bridge, gives us minute directions about finding King William's statue—"the old king's statter," he says, as though William were of yesterday. From this point the bridge is plainly visible. The official cautions us against Great Tower Street, which he agrees with us is nearer, "but pretty rough."

We follow his directions and in time reach the old bridge. It is not so very old, either;

but occupies the site of the bridge that spanned the stream in the days when Southwark was a remote suburb and Westminster a country village.

We shall not cross this morning, as we are leaving the south side of the river for future visits. After two or three false starts and some altercation with persons of whom we inquire the way without first soothing their tempers by an application of copper, we find the street leading to the Swan Pier, and here we take a penny steamer for the Temple.

Princess is not fond of steamers at any price. However, she has come to London to see everything interesting that our time will allow; so she says bravely:

“Don’t look at me. Look at the water, the embankment, anything that interests you. The agony can’t last long.”

Nor does it. We reach Temple Pier, when we have barely had time to learn how the smoke-stack ducks as we go under the bridges. Princess, despite her woe, is interested in this proceeding. She always wishes to “shee the wheels go around.”

At Temple Pier we land once more ; and, as it is nearly noon, we decide to rest and lunch before doing any more visiting. So, with Ned as guide, we thread various narrow streets leading out into the Strand ; and here at a quiet restaurant, one of Ned's favorite haunts, we sit down to eat a substantial English luncheon. We take plenty of time about it, resting and chatting ; and, when we have finished, return, through the maze by which we came, to the Temple.

Middle Temple has a beautiful hall, and one is glad to know that "Twelfth Night" was, once at least, presented in such surroundings ; grateful, too, are we to the slightly muddled old gossip Manningham who has preserved for us this precious bit of information, like the "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff."

We hear much of the dignity of history and some of her devotees feel it incumbent upon them to speak lightly of all other branches of literature ; yet these scribbled recollections of the tipsy lawyer, the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, the stray letters of any person whatso-

ever who has recorded without affectation what he really saw in the world around him—these scraps and fragments are genuine history.

Are not Tom Pinch and pretty Ruth as real as any figures that ever walked here, even though the gentle ghost of Lamb flits through the halls and alleys, and the dust that once housed the erratic but lovable soul of Oliver Goldsmith lie somewhere here-about; just where, no one can say; the only thing positively known about the matter being that his body does not repose under his tombstone.

This state of affairs is quite unconventional enough to suit the kind-hearted Irishman. I never read the story of Goldsmith's life without a pang of something like envy. Think of tramping over the Continent, fluting one's way from village to village, seeing from the inside that life which most of us behold only as detached spectators, living like the birds of the air, beloved of dogs, beggars and children.

Truly it sounds Arcadian, though doubt-

less it had a squalid side; and one asks himself how a man of the sophistical eighteenth century managed to compass such a holiday. Goldsmith was not really of his time; he was a forerunner of the eccentric group of the next generation, a fitter comrade for De Quincey and Coleridge than for Burke and Johnson.

A beautiful place is the round Temple Church, on whose pavement lie cross-legged the effigies of certain old Crusaders, suggesting in the faint half-light a peace they never knew, those hard-headed old knights,

“Who laid about them at their wills, and died.”

That line of Tennyson's is a wonderfully good summary of the life of a mediaeval knight, one thinks at first; and yet, being human they could not have spent all their time in smiting and being smitten; they must occasionally, have sat down to rest and submit themselves to gentle influences. We know they went to church, sometimes; and such quiet figures as these must have reminded the fighters that to everything under the sun

there is a time, and to them also would come at length this absolute quiescence. I wonder what, in their hearts, the restless old fellows really expected to do, when by dint of pilgrimages, crusades, and masses they should have secured for themselves an entrance into the Heavenly City. It is hard to believe that they took kindly to the idea of endlessly playing harps and singing psalms. Yet many of the fighters were also singers and improvisers of verse; so it is possible that they were more resigned than the present generation to the thought of spending eternity in warbling hymns. The modern notion of heaven is probably best expressed by the words of the Revelator,

“And His servants shall *serve* Him.”

Over in the garden is the spot where grew the white and red roses of York and Lancaster—those thorny roses, whose fragrance provoked strife. The contending factions had at least an eye to the picturesque in choosing their badges. Will our party names

and insignia carry with them any such flavor of romance adown the next four centuries?

We wander out of the garden, into the Strand once more; thence by way of St. Clement Danes and Holywell street, through Bell's Yard, haunted by the oddities of "Bleak House," on into Portugal street and the Old Curiosity Shop, into whose authenticity we do not inquire too curiously.

We stray along through Lincoln's Inn Fields, looking at the house which is said to have sheltered the original of Mr. Tulkinghorn. We walk all the way around the quiet square, half believing that we shall meet Esther Summerson and her charge, or possibly Dick, Mr. Woodcourt, or even little Miss Flite.

After dinner, if we are not too tired, we will go to the theater or the opera.

These early days of July present many dramatic and musical feasts. We may go to hear Bernhardt in "*L'Aiglon*;" Melba, Eames and the De Reszkes in some part of the wonderful Niebelung cycle or in "*Faust*;" or we may please ourselves with a play of Shakespeare's

at the Lyceum Theater, given by Irving, Ellen Terry, and their associated artists.

Would that we might see them in "Becket" or "Cymbeline." However, we take the goods the gods provide, listen delightedly, like children off for a holiday, to "The Merchant of Venice," "The Bells," or "Robespierre," and go home to dream all night of the enchanted land that we have visited.

The first time that we went to the theater with Ned, we came near having a family jar, as he was scandalized at the idea of our sitting elsewhere than in a box, and was determined to buy all the tickets. At last, we succeeded in convincing him that we had with us no costumes suitable for a box party; and we four women, being for once in entire harmony, insisted upon a "Dutch treat." The young gentleman being told, politely but firmly, that he might go with us on those terms or not at all, finally yielded, and we sat in the amphitheater at two-and-six-pence each. We found ourselves among quiet, attentive people who had really come to hear the music; and, in consequence, did not

drown the orchestra or the voices by inane conversation. Sometimes a good-natured Londoner pointed out to the strangers from over the sea the celebrities in the boxes below; a statesman, a belle, or some scion of royalty.

When the play is over, we hasten to catch an omnibus that shall land us near Southampton Row, along which now quiet street we hasten toward Queen Square. Here, at area doors, sentimental maids are standing with "their young men," in attitudes indicative of all degrees of mutual affection; all entirely free from self-consciousness or anything suggesting that the "spooners" realize the presence of any other human beings on the same planet. There may be as much demonstration of affection, as much embracing, osculation, and squeezing of hands at back gates, in railway coaches, on the tops of omnibuses, or in parks in America; but I have never happened to observe it, although I have wandered home from the opera at as late an hour in Chicago as in London. I have seen a man holding the hand of his female companion,

in the sight of all the passengers, on the top of a coach during all the journey from Loch Katrine to Callender. He did the same, serene and unabashed, as though he had long arrears of that kind of thing to make up, and were utilizing his vacation for the purpose, deliberately and with malice aforethought. There is in the exercise which Princess has named "The British act" something so stolid and matter-of-fact, that it seems to the Yankee onlooker ludicrous rather than lyric.

We went out to Hampton Court by omnibus, and came home in a most leisurely way on a river steamer dependent upon the tide for sufficient water to float her. That is to say, Ned and Helen, with myself as chaperon, came home by water; Princess and Miss Bradford returned by train, and spent the evening in agonies of anxiety over our non-appearance. We left Kingston before they did, at half-past five; and, as we did not reach home until after ten, there was some excuse for their uneasiness.

On the way out, as we drew near to Twickenham, we heard the sounds of a barrel-or-

gan. Coming nearer, we discovered several ragged children dancing to the lively strains. Presently a young man immaculately dressed, wearing a tall silk hat and a Prince Albert coat with a rose in the button-hole, joined the youngsters; and, when we looked back as we turned the corner, was footing it as gayly as any urchin among them. This proceeding aroused my envy; it was so natural, so entirely innocent, and so utterly impossible for me, a respectable spinster. It is that sort of thing which makes me feel that privileges are unequally divided between men and women. Ned seeing my wistful looks, offered to descend from the omnibus with me and lend his countenance and moral support while I "tripped the light fantastic." But even thus encouraged, my heart failed me.

One gives a thought to brilliant, unhappy Pope, on passing through Twickenham; but begins already to watch for the spreading horse-chestnuts of Bushey Park, a truly ideal spot.

Hampton Court, aside from the huge grape vine, the Raphael cartoons, and the

portraits, is rather uninteresting. One wearies of successions of best chambers with state beds and gorgeous hangings; and for the cartoons one needs far more time than we care to give them to-day. The portraits grow monotonous after a little, and one becomes aware of a desire to organize a society whose object shall be to provide *fichus* for the *decolletees* beauties depicted by Lely and Kneller.

Now Windsor is in every way more satisfactory. In the first place, it looks like a fortress-castle, while all its surroundings are picturesque. One may expect to see old acquaintances anywhere, under the shadow of the grey walls that shoulder themselves into sight, dwarfing the town into insignificance; in the tower where Jamie Stuart watched his ladye in the court below, and then wrote melodious verse about her; in the curfew tower, in the chapels, in the park, and across the bridge at Eton.

Windsor, like most other English villages, is worth all the trouble one takes to get there on trains that never appear to start for any

definite point, and about whose "connections" (this is distinctly American) with other trains, English officials are, on principle, strictly non-committal.

Even if the castle were not rich in the memories of at least nine centuries, and filled with treasures of art, there would still be a chance of searching for traces of Dame Quickly and her friends and sweet Anne Page; there would still be beautiful Eton Chapel; and, failing all these, one could go to Stoke Pogis churchyard, or make his way to Horton, thence to view Windsor as Milton saw it in his high-hearted youth.

But Windsor has its own charm, and all these other glories added thereunto. Henceforth all stories of knight and ladye fair, of court intrigue and deeds of derring-do, will have as their background a castle something like Windsor.

We really had time to see and enjoy everything, including "Ruben's room, with Rube himself up over the door," as we were informed by a functionary with a nasal twang that brought up memories of Cape Cod. We

reveled in recollections of that visit for months afterward; for we walked sedately about the beautiful rooms and even paused some minutes at a time before objects of special interest, not being driven rapidly from one entrance to the other, like leaves before a November blast. Neither were our thoughts distracted by anxious questionings of ourselves and each other as to the proper amount to be given in "tips;" for it is written that gratuities to attendants are strictly forbidden. Herein we found further cause for respecting the Majesty of England.

As Miss Bradford and Helen did not know when they might cross the ocean again, they had from time to time discussed the feasibility of spending a fortnight on the Continent. After much consultation of guide-books and many visits to tourist offices, they had decided upon going by way of Canterbury to Dover and thence to Ostend. They would spend a few days in Antwerp and Brussels and then go to Cologne, leaving that city for a journey up the Rhine as far as Heidelberg, and thence by rail to Paris.

I had a wild throb of excitement and thought of abandoning all previous plans when Paris was mentioned, but Princess was firm, and Miss Bradford and her niece set out alone.

"Do you suppose Ned will have business in Paris early next week? And how do you think Miss Bradford will receive him?"

"He will certainly have business there," answered Princess to whom I propounded the above questions; "and, by the time he arrives, Miss Minerva will doubtless be glad to see some one who can speak a little decent French.

"Doesn't she speak French? I'm sure I heard her say she did."

"She thinks she does, but it is of 'the schole of Stratford-atte-Browe;' while Helen, who is a fair German scholar, frankly confesses that she never got beyond reading French. Miss Bradford is so sure she knows everything and can do everything in the best way, that she is bound to try to set the French government or the municipal authorities of

Paris right on some point, and she will sorely need help."

"Yes," I agreed, "you are right; if, before Ned appears the good lady gets into two or three scrapes owing to her ignorance of the language and her general bumptiousness, she will be ready to welcome him as an angel of light."

"Yes, Neddy speaks the lingo exceedingly well. Old Professor Dupres managed to hammer the language into our heads and fasten it to our tongues, if he did have a villainous temper and emphasize his instructions by throwing inkstands and rulers at us."

"Besides, the laddie has sense and a cool head," I added, "it is to be hoped the fates will be propitious in choosing the time of his arrival."

One day, after Miss Bradford and Helen had left us, Princess and I started for a long day's ramble. We took our luncheon of biscuit, fresh fruit, and cheese, neatly tied up in paper and deposited in the netted bag which serves as base of supplies and trophy-case on these excursions. The bag is often rather

limp when we set forth; but, ere we return at nightfall, has grown as interesting as a boy's pocket; and we are ourselves often surprised, in emptying the receptacle, at sight of the varied treasures we have accumulated.

We spent this day in the heart of old London. We took an omnibus down High Holborn (*anglais* 'Igh 'Obun) landing near the Mansion House. Thence we found our way about the crooked streets to Bow Church—(St. Mary-le-Bow) another bit of Wren's work. This visit we made in honor of Dick Whittington and his cat; but although the crypt was an interesting bit of early architecture, the bells were silent regarding our future.

We followed tortuous paths through Little Britain to the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, which is near to Smithfield. I never know how I reach this edifice, probably with the exception of St. John's chapel in the tower, the oldest church in London. Accordingly, each visit has the fresh joy of original discovery. The church is so enclosed by tall buildings, that, until fairly in its yard, one

hardly realizes its nearness. It is one of the few things about which the nearly omniscient London policeman does not always give clear directions.

We sat down for a time in the cool, dark crypt, to rest our eyes and steady our nerves with the sight of the Norman arches and the tomb of the versatile founder of the church, the priory, and the hospital. What a chequered life he led, this mediaeval adventurer; fighting with Hereward the wake against the too successful William, then becoming a minstrel and dependent upon William's son; and, finally, ending his days as prior of the monastery that he had founded. What a romance is here, could we only disentangle the interwoven threads.

Leaving this torso of a once great ecclesiastical foundation, we go for a time to wander about Smithfield Market, trying to realize that just here were burned those martyrs whose fate has caused Mary Tudor to come down to posterity with such a sinister epithet prefixed to her name.

Poor, unhappy woman, whom hard fate

called to a throne. How far more content had she been to retire to a convent and spend her time in the practice of those religious rites to which she attached so much importance. Despite her cruelties, Mary is more to be pitied than blamed—a woman who had no girlhood and no friends.

We take a look at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, still one of the most important institutions of the kind in all London; feast our eyes for a few minutes on the exterior of the building that was once Charterhouse School, a fortunate institution that numbers among its children noisy, rough, yet lovable Dick Steele; Addison, the sedate and polished; and their biographer, who has made the eighteenth century live again, our guide through Vanity Fair, satirical yet kindly Thackeray, whose laughter often lies so close to tears.

Still further on in the maze, near the old Jewish quarter, and bounded by a fragment of the old city wall, lies St. Giles Cripplegate, beneath whose ancient roof lie buried Foxe, of the "Book of Martyrs," and John Milton.

Before the old black marble altar, Oliver

and Elizabeth Cromwell were married, ere the throne of the Stuarts had begun to quake at the word of the Lincolnshire farmer. Above the altar is a beautifully tinted eye, a stained glass window designed by Reynolds.

The parish of St. Giles Cripplegate must have been strongly tinctured with Puritanism even before the days of the Commonwealth; and its spirit evidently changed little when Charles II returned to the throne of his fathers.

The parish is a type of the real heart of England. Changes might come at court, frivolous nobles follow and outdo the example of a frivolous king; but middle-class England move steadily on in the path she had chosen, the path that led to freedom in church and state, to purity and strength in the home. The good work of Cromwell and his followers was not undone by the Restoration; some of the excesses of Puritanism were checked by contrary excesses, but the vital part remained and grew, the seed of the

best things in modern English life and character.

We pass by Finsbury Circus, a name which recalls the sometime owner of a large livery stable in the neighborhood, who in the course of time and nature was promoted to be the grandfather of John Keats. The combination is paradoxical; nothing that we can discover in his parentage accounts for the Hellenic genius of Keats. It is a comfort to find evidence that there are some things unaccounted for by either heredity or environment.

At last, rambling along in leisurely fashion, stopping to look at everything that promises to be of interest, we come to the cemetery known as Bunhill Fields. Here, being tired and hungry, we sit down on a shaded bench outside, and peacefully eat our luncheon, enjoying the coolness and quiet, the freedom from dust and confusion.

Having thus refreshed the inner woman, we enter the cemetery and begin our search for the tomb of Susannah Wesley and those of George Fox, Defoe and Bunyan. The graves

are close together and there are many interesting things to see; but we stop for nothing till we have found the plain grey obelisk erected, by penny contributions of the children of England, to the author of "Robinson Crusoe." In the long run, the right thing happens in this changeful world; and after two centuries, the neglected grave has received due honor from those who owe most to the man whose dust it holds.

I know a bright young girl who says that she would not have cared to have Defoe for a personal acquaintance; because she should have thought whatever he said was in some way a joke at her expense; but she adds, "I like to know him across the ages." Personal acquaintance with the wiry, active, keen-eyed man may have had its drawbacks. Many a man is interesting in a book who would have been "gey ill to live wi'" through the wear and tear of every day experience; but I should have been willing to be laughed at, if I might have known the man of many ideas, who made even the pillory a center of respectful interest and an advertising medium.

How well he would have fitted into twentieth century life; what ways he would have found for expending his tremendous energies; and what commotions he would have stirred up, this early Independent in politics and religion, this man who lived the strenuous life in most strenuous wise.

Not far away, calmly reposing upon his tombstone, a book tucked under his arm, lies that other benefactor of childhood, John Bunyan, who wrote the story of a man who left home, "the book didn't say why," a tale regarding which we must concur with the verdict of Huckleberry Finn, "The statements in it was interestin' but tough."

Everybody should read "Pilgrim's Progress" in childhood; it never can mean so much at any later period of life. The allegory causes no trouble, though it is, all along, subconsciously felt; the book is, to all intents and purposes, a wonderful story of fairies and giants, enchanted palaces, and magic regions; it is not exceeded in mystery and terror by even the "Arabian Nights." Such, at least, is my personal experience. I grew intimate

with the book between the ages of six and nine, in the course of long vacations spent on my grandfather's farm. No children's books were found in that Knickerbocker-Puritan household; so my literary appetite satisfied its cravings with an old copy of the "National Fifth Reader," filled chiefly with selections from English writers of the eighteenth century; the narrative and poetical portions of the Bible; and, lastly, the work of the inspired tinker of Bedford.

What delicious thrills of terror I experienced as I followed Christian through the Slough of Despond and the Interpreter's House; past the lions into the House Beautiful; saw him imprisoned in the castle of Giant Despair; watched breathlessly his battle with Apollyon; and hung upon his footsteps as he made his way through the Valley of Shadow out into the Land of Beulah.

My "Pilgrim's Progress," which differed in various ways from Bunyan's, had its *locale* in the maple grove beyond the orchard; and, on grey, cloudy days, nothing would induce me to pass the orchard fence, unless escorted

by some able-bodied man of the family, who played, all unwittingly the role of Greatheart to my Christiana or Mercy. This was because I feared lest Apollyon or Giant Despair might swoop suddenly down and bear me away to some dark fate, forever unknown to my disconsolate relatives.

These ideas remained securely locked in my own breast. With the reticence of childhood, I concealed alike my joy in the beauty of the story, my delicious terror over the tragic portions, and my bewilderment at its inconsistencies. For I was bewildered. I never troubled myself about finding any meaning in the book of Revelation, taking for granted that its beauty was all any reasonable person ought to expect to find therein—that was “art for art’s sake,” if you choose. But I did wonder why, if the City of Destruction were such a dangerous place, Christian should go away without his wife and children. Most of the fathers I knew would have removed their families from such a locality by force, if necessary. Then, too, there was no record that he ever wrote to

them, sent them any money, or received much information concerning them. Most reprehensible conduct in a husband and father, this seemed to me; and yet the author appeared to think Christian's behavior in these respects entirely proper and praiseworthy.

Despite the puzzles, I loved the book; and now I love the fiery, brave, restless soul of its author. There are people, very sensible, well-regulated, highly respectable persons, who affirm that the great allegory is the product of a morbid mind; and some even declare that its author was insane. Perhaps so; but if he were, some of the rest of us would like to be afflicted with a mental aberration of the same type.

Here is the grave of the mother of John, Charles, and seventeen lesser Wesleys. "Sussannah, a lily," says the dictionary. From what we know of her character, we conclude that this English Cornelia with such a well-filled jewel casket, deserved her name, for purity and sweetness; but she was not of the lilies that "toil not neither do they spin."

The modern imagination stands appalled before the audacity of those heads of large families who so coolly assumed responsibility for the temporal and spiritual well-being of so many human souls. To feed and clothe from a dozen to twenty children is somewhat of a task; but that is a minor matter. It is the thought of training them for life with all its possibilities of good or evil that gives one pause—a human soul is so precious; and, when we know so little about our own, it is such a grave responsibility to venture to direct the souls of others. Considering the amount of blind experimenting indulged in by parents and teachers, it speaks well for the general tendencies of children that, on the whole, they develop so well.

We spend a little time in Wesley Memorial Chapel across the street from the cemetery, and then climb to the top of a tram which will take us pretty near to the Bank of England, the first station on our homeward journey. It is because of weariness, also because we have gone over the ground once on this day, and desire to save time, that we choose

to return by tram instead of on foot. So we make our way back, passing Finsbury Circus again, threading winding streets whose names have grown familiar in the pages of Dickens, Besant, Hare, and Hutton; change near the Bank to an omnibus; and pursue our tranquil way, catching glimpses, here of the barber-shop that once as a palace sheltered Henry VIII and his magnificent Cardinal, then of Holborn Viaduct and the City Temple; and again of the quaint old houses near Staples' Inn, a sight of which place always revives one's curiosity about the rest of the story of "Edwin Drood." I have invented half a dozen conclusions for that gruesome tale, all rather satisfactory in parts; but I should like to know how Dickens himself would have completed the structure which he began.

"Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

Sometimes, if we find ourselves at a spot

remote from Queen Square when the afternoon is drawing to a close, we betake ourselves to the nearest station of the Underground Railway, and reach our abiding place by a short cut. As a time-saving device, "the underground" is a success; but, as a pleasant means of transit, not much can be said for it. I always feel that I have strayed into one of Dante's upper circles and am doomed to go around and around in it for an indefinite period; it is dark even in the station; the air is damp, stuffy, and ill-smelling; and it is exceedingly difficult to find out when one has reached his destination. I say nervously to Princess:

"Can you tell what this station is?"

She responds gloomily:

"I do not know whether it is 'Venus Soap' or 'Massawattee Tea;' both names are very much in evidence."

At last, by dint of much watching, worrying and questioning, we manage to effect a landing at the right place. We return to the upper air, feeling that we have made one more escape from the ante-room of the In-

fernal Regions, and resolved that it will be long ere we again desert the surface of the earth and the brooding of the overarching sky, even to save that most valuable of commodities to the American, time.

Another long, delightful day we spent once as I shall tell. We started directly after breakfast, taking an omnibus to Hyde Park. Here we entered near the colossal and rather unmeaning statue called "Achilles," which poses near the drive in order to recall once more the manifold virtues of the Duke of Wellington. How that dignified gentleman would stare, could he see this remarkable object which a grateful country has set up in his memory. Why Achilles to represent Wellington? Why not Hector? Possibly because the Trojan prince was defeated in his one great military undertaking; but that was no fault of his, on his merits he should have won; and he presents far more points of resemblance to the Iron Duke than does the fickle, though fascinating Greek.

We go along the flower-bordered way, pausing for a glance at Byron, sitting in

mournful solitude within the railed enclosure at the right. A good portrait of Byron never fails to be a pleasant object to the eye; for, barring the troublesome foot, he "looks his part" of a poet of generous enthusiasms. Strange it is, that the storms and bitterness of his unhappy life have left so little impress upon his face. Was it because the evil was temporary and the better qualities permanent in his strangely mingled nature?

The great scarlet begonias, mingled with purplish-blue ageratum and other flowers, "lovelier than their names," as they have need to be, so marvelous is their nomenclature, beguile our walk, until, without realizing the distance over which we have wandered, we find ourselves near the Serpentine. Soon we cross the little bridge, and are in Kensington Gardens, another restful place that seems, this bright summer morning, as remote from the roar and bustle of London as though it were on some distant planet.

At the farther side of the gardens, we come upon that strange composite, the Albert memorial. Here, under a wonderfully

carved, gilded and colored, Gothic canopy, sits the figure of the Prince Consort, all begilt. This monument furnishes another instance of what appears to be the modern English idea of doing honor to the nation's heroes. It seems, for some occult reason, necessary to make the statues as large as possible, and as little as may be in accordance with the known habits and tastes of the persons commemorated. Prince Albert was undoubtedly a simple, unassuming gentleman, of sound judgment and refined tastes; yet he is doomed to sit for ages under this ugly canopy, a tawdry, gilded figure, as inharmonious with its surroundings as with the nature of the man whom it is meant to honor.

The base of the pedestal is both beautiful and symbolic. The sculptured groups representing Science, Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, with those below typifying the four quarters of the globe, as well as the bas-reliefs of famous sculptors, poets, musicians and painters, are full of spirit and life; and suggest the varied interests that occupied the time and thought of the man

whom England was so fortunate as to claim as the consort of her Queen.

The group representing America, the slender maiden guiding the wild bison by means of a star-tipped wand—intellect and spiritual power subduing and directing the forces of nature—is very striking and suggestive; but in view of the alarm in Europe over American aggression (!!) why may we not claim the entire eight groups as our symbols?

Speaking of American aggression recalls a conversation in which we shared at the home of a friendly Londoner to whose family we had letters of introduction. The family were very kind to us, entertained us under their roof and showed us various attentions for which we hope they will all be rewarded by those just influences that bring friends to him that showeth himself friendly.

The man of the house aforesaid had drawn from Princess a vigorous defense of the Union policy during the Civil War; and finding her intractable on that subject, attacked me anent our territorial expansion. After a

few preliminary passes, I made a home thrust by saying,

"But we're only following the example you set us."

The gentleman laughed genially as he admitted,

"Quite right. You see we wish to do all the grabbing ourselves."

So that international difficulty was amicably settled. To tell the truth occasionally, even about one's country, is an effective and wholesome method of clearing up the atmosphere.

On this happy pilgrimage, we omitted the interior of the Albert Memorial Hall, and, after lunching comfortably in a little pavilion hard by in the gardens, wandered on to the South Kensington museum.

Of course, one cannot see everything worth seeing in this collection in a half-day's visit. It is something to be dipped into that one may determine what is most valuable to himself, and then return to spend as much time as possible with the things he likes. The carved Asiatic woods, together with the

models of Indian buildings and other architectural reproductions, are possibly the most interesting parts of the vast collection. Miss Bradford one day when she went to the museum with me set the seal of her disapprobation upon my favorites, by saying loftily,

“O, I don’t care for these models of cathedrals, I’ve seen most of the real buildings.”

One might as well say he did not care for a portrait, because he had some time or other seen its original. In fact, it is with buildings as with nature, we see them best when some one who knows and loves them, calls our attention to their especial beauties. The sight of a copy of some building that I know is like coming upon a familiar portrait in a strange gallery; and often the model, being smaller in size and nearer to the eye, reveals interesting details overlooked in the original.

But Miss Bradford represents a class, made up largely, I regret to say, of American women. Their behavior seems to be an outgrowth of the belief that knowledge is to be acquired chiefly for purposes of display, and not for one’s personal comfort and satisfac-

tion, nor yet for the elevation of one's thoughts and sentiments; they have knowledge, but neither wisdom nor culture. After I have been beset in room after room by the high metallic buzzing of one of these would-be superior persons, I cry out in spirit, if not audibly, "And the Lord God sent the hornet;" sit down in a corner to give the creature a chance to move on and away; and fall to self-examination with a view to determining what heinous crime I have committed, that I should be doomed to this particular form of punishment. Whenever I had Miss Bradford on my hands, however, and had not only to endure her dissertations, but the wondering and pitying, or irritated, glances of the other visitors, I consoled myself with the thought that I was suffering in a good cause.

Leaving the Museum, we took an omnibus which put us down near Westminster Abbey, where we spent the remainder of the afternoon in the Poets' Corner.

Princess and I like, occasionally, to visit the Parliament buildings and the Abbey on the same day. Both structures have so much

to tell of the history of England and her people that to go from one to the other is like reading successive chapters in an illustrated serial story.

The earliest chapter of the story is illuminated in the series of King Arthur frescoes in the Queen's Robing Room. What a hold that possibly mythical king has taken upon the mind of the western world. If he were not an actual person, he ought to have been; history has neglected an opportunity, if she did really leave him out.

The Princes' chamber, with its Tudor portraits, reminds one again of that royal scoundrel, King Henry VIII. Truly any fair dame on whom he cast admiring glances, must have felt an almost irresistible inclination to exercise the muscles of her neck in order to make sure that her head was securely fastened in its place. Nor were lovely ladies' heads alone unsafe; the axe was much in demand in those days for cutting down any object whose outlines disturbed the royal eye.

In the Commons' Corridor, one pauses to recall his Whittier before the painting of

"Last Sleep of Argyle;" while in the Peers' Corridor, every American lingers near Cope's "Departure of the Mayflower." If all the consequences of the sailing of that little boat had been foreseen, would she have been allowed to go? Yet who, with the wildest imagination, could have prefigured everything in that long chain of events? Then, too, King James had his hands full with the malignants who stayed at home; and doubtless, would have been glad, in any case, to purchase a little quiet for himself, though at the price of much trouble for some far-off successor.

One feels, especially, the intimate relation between the Puritan who stayed at home and him who, more adventurous or less patient, sought a haven in the New Land, when he sees, so near together, this Mayflower picture and that other of the House of Commons refusing to give up the five obnoxious members, at the command of a king who overstepped his constitutional authority. What a change in sentiment it marks that such pictures find an honored place here

among the memorials of England's progress; and how the most insensible of us must feel the kinship to which these two paintings bear such an eloquent witness.

St. Stephen's Crypt is an attractive spot, both for its own beauty and its statues of some of the most interesting men who have figured in Parliamentary history. They make up a goodly company; but perhaps the most striking among them is the figure of Hampden, the leader of that movement which ended by putting into the hands of the people's representatives, among English-speaking races the wide world over, the power of the purse. This statement of the principle may sound mercenary, but it is high political ethics.

The rooms devoted to the Commons and the Peers are a trifle disappointing. For places wherein such weighty business is transacted, they seem small and over-crowded; and one turns with a sense of relief to Westminster Hall, the Hall of William Rufus, whereof our old friend Macaulay hath had somewhat to say in sounding periods,

that echo in our ears as we pass through the doorway. The hall was repaired and given a new roof in the days of Richard II, our still older friend, Geoffrey Chaucer, being Master of the Works. Dan Geoffrey must have been a man both busy and capable.

From the old hall, we go again to the Chapter House of the Abbey, in honor of the early Parliaments held there, the monks of Westminster, to their credit be it said, having a healthy and honest belief in government by the people.

The early ecclesiastical history is quite fully written in the glass of the windows. There must have been much rough humor in those old days, if one may judge from the representation of the famous quarrel for precedence between the Primate of England (Archbishop of York) and the Primate of all England (Archbishop of Canterbury). That was a fine distinction, indeed; but then the old theologians were subtle casuists.

A little peep into the Jericho Parlor and another into the Jerusalem Chamber form not a bad finish for our historical survey.

The latter room is one of the most interesting spots hereabouts. There is nothing in particular to see except the paneling of olive-wood from the neighborhood of the Holy City, and a picture of the death of Henry IV. Poor Henry of the stormy life, almost as sad, though it seemed more prosperous, as that of his grandson.

It is the associations of this room that lend it dignity. Here, Caxton, on his return from Flanders, set up his printing press. Who shall tell whether that venture of his has brought more of good or evil? Of good, let us hope, since intelligence is ever better than ignorance; and man must come, at last, though blunderingly and with much travail of soul, into his inheritance of wisdom, his means of subduing the earth and the earthy. Who yet has begun to dream what possibilities are wrapped up in that innocent sounding phrase: "Subdue the earth?" Shall we some day learn so to control material forces as to direct the rain into an appointed channel, and harness the whirlwind to machines wherewith it shall produce man's bread and

not destroy it? Shall we, moreover, learn to subdue the earthy in ourselves, and bring about the reign of righteousness and peace in the world? Verily such things as these I do expect, and that ere long, as history counts time; for the evolution of the world is toward better things.

In this same room, Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV, gave into the hands of their loving uncle, Richard of Gloucester, the two young princes whom that strange creature is said to have smothered in the Tower. There are other things to be told of Richard; without doubt he was intelligent beyond his time, and a patron of learning; but ever across the pages of the impartial historian who seeks to rehabilitate the character of this prince, there falls the shadow of the malignant hunchback of Shakespeare's drama.

They were an evil brood, those three brothers of the House of York; Edward, a libertine; George of Clarence, an indolent, weak-minded sot; and Richard, a murderer who cleared his path to the throne by remov-

ing from it his next of kin, with, apparently, the coolness of a landscape gardener who cuts down the superfluous trees that obstruct a desirable view. It is the fashion with English historians to attribute the immoralities of Charles II to his stay in France; where did Edward IV learn so thoroughly the same bad lessons?

The memory of the ecclesiastical councils and the sessions of the New Testament revision committee held here are hardly sufficient to dispel the gloom of these darker associations. Accordingly, we go out into the street for a breath of fresh air, and then across to St. Margaret's, the Parliamentary Church.

Here are memorials to Caxton, Raleigh, Milton, and our own Phillips Brooks; a noble gathering, no one of whom need be ashamed of the society in which he finds himself.

Caxton and Raleigh sleep in the churchyard, and so does Milton's "Late espoused saint," and the child who died with her, the

characters in the one tender interlude of the Puritan poet's stern life.

St. Margaret's looks a noble building, even under the shadow of Westminster Abbey; and Dean Farrar must have left it with regret, though called to Canterbury.

We had brought letters of introduction to a family living in Brixton, relatives of some good friend of ours. When they learned that Princess and I were alone in London, they invited us, most cordially and earnestly, to gather up our pilgrim-ropes, staves and scallop-shells, or their modern equivalents, umbrellas, hand-bags, dress-suit cases, and shawl-straps, and take up our abode, for the time that remained to us in the city, under their hospitable roof.

We were introduced to no "marble halls," nor did we meet any members of the royal family or the peerage; but we did see, in one of its best forms, the quiet home-life of well-to-do, middle-class Londoners.

Our host, a man whose brilliant dark eyes
• and silvery hair recalled the portraits of
Whittier, and who like our Quaker poet,

owed those dark eyes to a strain of Huguenot blood, had been for many years in business in "the city;" and now, having accumulated a modest independence, he had retired, to spend his declining years in comfort and ease. The family, like the majority of their neighbors, were Non-conformists in religion, and in politics, Liberals. As our hostess had kept up a regular correspondence with her brother in America, the entire connection, knew far more of the extent, population, and resources of the United States than any other English people that it has been my fortune to meet.

Our host hated the conventional tall hat, which is the only head-gear a self-respecting Englishman allows himself on Sunday; yet he donned it regularly, and went to his place in the choir of his church; he was also a member of the special-service choir of St. Paul's, and of the Handel Choral Society of the Crystal Palace; he had belonged for many years to the choir of Albert Memorial Hall. He had, however, given up his place in this organization because the choir was

frequently called upon to sing when foreign potentates were entertained, and, as the musical program was usually preceded by a dinner lasting until eleven o'clock or later, "the hours were too late for a staid elderly man, though it was all very well when I was younger; so, after I'd walked home once or twice at three o'clock in the morning, on account of a scarcity of cabs, I gave it up."

The family life was peaceful and wholesome. I could not help wondering how many Americans, business men, retiring from active life, would be content to pass their days as calmly and quietly as this rosy-faced Englishman, who had passed beyond the Psalmist's limit of life; but still walked with an elastic step, took a deep interest in the benevolences of his church, watched the progress of events in America and the far East, and laughed at a joke with all the enjoyment of a schoolboy.

The number of meals daily prepared in the house, and the other occasions during the twenty-four hours when refreshments seemed necessary to the common welfare, were

alike appalling. We breakfasted at nine, dined at half-past one, took tea at half-past four, ate supper whenever we reached home after our evening expeditions; and then we had biscuits, lemonade and fruit every time we left the house or returned to it; not to mention cake and tea and the offer of wine whenever we called.

The question, "Are you a teetotaller?" meets the American at every turn, if he has any social relations with the English; and, while the traveler's "teetotal" notions strike his entertainers as odd, he is never made in the least uncomfortable. I was indeed a *tea*-taller; for I drank more tea in those two weeks than in all the previous years of my mortal pilgrimage; and came near being a nervous wreck, in consequence thereof. There is something about an English tea-table, with the shining teapot smothered, Desdemona-like, under the cosy, the thin slices of bread-and-butter, the delicate sponge-cake and preserves, that is irresistible. It reminds one of Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Gaskell, and various other delightful

persons who have glorified this peculiarly British institution; and one feels that she is herself a schoolgirl in short skirts and long braids, and is beguiled by this illusion into indulging too freely in "the cup that cheers but not inebriates;" but which plays havoc with the nerves of an American spinster unaccustomed to its influences. Remembering Johnson's numberless cups of tea, I no longer wondered that he was sometimes irritable and impatient of contradiction.

Our good friends helped us to see many interesting things and places. We went to Norwood on the top of an omnibus, a most delightful journey. Here we saw the tomb of Spurgeon, and visited the Greek cemetery. There is, in the heart of London, a numerous colony of Greek merchants, who bury their dead in the beautiful cemetery at Norwood. The little marble temples with their inscriptions in New Testament Greek were strangely far away and foreign; yet helped to the realization that the beautiful Hellenic tongue is not even yet a dead language.

Another day, we went through "the Tube,"

the underground electric railway running beneath the Thames. We came to the surface by "lift" near the Mile End Road, along which we made our way to the People's Palace. This is the idea of Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" reduced to a working reality. What a satisfaction for a man to see his helpful theories crystallize into fact, even during his life on earth. Sir Walter Besant does not belong to the first rank of novelists; but he has left his mark for good upon his generation, and many others yet to come.

The work done by the Beaumont trustees through the People's Palace is thorough and far-reaching. As we strolled along the wide street, looking at the many new buildings, the churches, and the Children's Hospital, our host said,

"They have done a good work. I well remember the time, not so very long ago, when it was not safe for a respectably-dressed person to walk down here, unless escorted by a policeman."

A few minutes later, he added,

"Do you notice the names on these signs?"

Mostly Jewish; they are the people who never miss a chance to better themselves."

And then Princess told him what our own Jacob Riis has said,

"The Jew is the leaven of the slum. At the first chance, he rises, and takes the slum with him."

The gymnasiums were closed for the summer vacation; but the custodian showed us the club rooms, the reading rooms and the library, where sat a goodly number of men enjoying the daily papers and the current magazines; also the playgrounds where children were regaining their birthright of health-giving, mirthful play. At last, we came to Queen's Hall, the great concert room and lecture room, where men and women with something worth saying are invited to speak; and where, on Sunday afternoons, the best organists of London discourse music to a most appreciative audience.

The custodian spoke of the great numbers of Jews who came to the Palace, and the eagerness with which they availed themselves of all the means of improvement there afforded.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

He added his testimony to the great changes that had come in the neighborhood.

From all with whom we spoke on this subject came corroborative evidence. Our landlady in Queen Square had said before we left her,

"O, yes, indeed; there's been a great change in East London. Some places in this vicinity need more attention now than Whitechapel or Mile End Road."

This we could easily believe; for never anywhere, even in the poorest quarters of Naples, have I seen so many such dirty children as in the cross-streets and alleys of respectable Bloomsbury.

One evening, as we rode down to the East India Docks, on the top of a tram, a young girl of perhaps twenty, to whom we addressed some questions, replied,

"O, yes, ma'am; within my memory things have changed here until you'd never know it for the same place."

The elderly and middle-aged people talked with us freely and kindly; and the young men who went and came during our long

ride, were quiet and well-behaved. There is yet much work to do, and many conditions to change, but there is ground for hope of still better things; and steadily accumulating proof everywhere that what the poor need, and, though sometimes unconsciously, long for, is not charity, but justice. When we learn that what we are pleased to call "the lower classes" are men and women of like passions with ourselves, just what we ourselves should be under the same circumstances; when we meet them on that ground; then, slowly, but surely, through many blunders and heartaches and much exercise of patience on both sides, will come the reign of justice and good sense among mankind; and, with them, love and good will. This wandering about the highways and byways of a foreign city brings home to us very forcibly how much alike we all are, in essentials.

Our host took us on various Dickens pilgrimages, for he is a lover of *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge* and the rest of the goodly company of oddities that throng the pages of "Boz." He pointed out to us one day, in a

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narrow passage leading off Fenchurch street, a tin sign inscribed "Dombey and Son;" but we saw nothing of Florence, Walter, or little Paul. We also found the site of David Copperfield's warehouse near Blackfriars Bridge. In the Borough Road is the successor of Chaucer's Tabard Inn, which is the identical hostelry in whose courtyard we are introduced to him who in time becomes our friend—everybody's friend—Samuel Weller. In St. George's churchyard nearby, is the wall of the old Marshalsea prison, the scene of the trials
and
triumphs
of

J. Wilkins Micawber.

We go again to the Bell Yard, to the Old Curiosity Shop (and buy curiosities) to Staple Inn and through the various streets that still bear the names we long ago learned to know and love in the row of dark green books standing at a convenient height on our shelves. It is gratifying to realize how much of Dickens' London geography has become

obsolete, because of the sweeping away of abuses which he attacked so vigorously as to compel their disappearance.

While in the Borough Road, we dropped in at old St. Saviour's Church, one of the most interesting in London. Here lie buried John Gower and John Howard; here, too, lies the dust of Edmund Shakespeare and of Massinger and Fletcher, each of whom has a memorial window. It seems to have been a church loved of the player-folk of Elizabethan days; or were they buried here because of its proximity to the theaters, near which the actors doubtless lived?

Before the altar of the ancient building, James I. of Scotland was married to that Lady Joan Beaufort whom he had watched so often as she walked in the gardens at Windsor. The parish of St. Savior's expects that ere long its church will be made a cathedral and divide honors with Westminster Abbey.

We made visits to the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and the National Portrait Gallery, all places where one may profitably

spend weeks in study of the pictures. We took many a peep into the Guild Hall with its treasures of historical relics. We wandered down St. Martin's Lane and chattered with the dealers in Wedgewood ware. One afternoon and evening we spent at the Crystal Palace. 'This is a favorite resort for middle-class Londoners in summer, and is well worth visiting.

During a large part of the afternoon, we sat out of doors listening and looking on at a vaudeville performance. It was not specially interesting; but it was entirely harmless, and afforded an opportunity for the display of pretty costumes and much graceful posing and marching. There seemed to be some thread of plot connecting the various episodes, but what it was I am not prepared to say, as no two of our company were ever able to agree about the matter. Princess says I went to sleep, and perhaps I did; my chair was comfortable, the air was cool, and the music soothing.

We had refreshments, of course, in the large main hall; and then, from the balcony,

witnessed the evolutions of a company of well-trained girls on bicycles.

The most interesting things in the Palace were not the seats of the vast choir and orchestra, among which the great organ seems lost, nor the curiosities exhibited in the middle of the hall; but the succession of courts displaying in chronological order the various styles of architecture from that of ancient Nineveh to the building of modern times; and in the balcony, the collection of pictures commemorating the deeds for which the Victoria Cross has been conferred.

When darkness came on, we went outside to look at the fireworks, a truly beautiful display, evidently a source of great pleasure to the onlooking crowds. The Palace, by day, looks rather dull and dingy, more like a factory than a palace; but, seen from the terraces at night when it is illuminated, and garlanded outside with festoons of gas-jets under colored globes, it seems a fairy palace indeed.

Among the interesting things to be seen in South London are the Peabody Buildings, model homes for workingmen; the working-

men's hotels, Christ Church with its spire in memory of Lincoln, and Lambeth Palace.

The American feels proud of his nationality when he sees the Peabody Buildings and thinks of the combined good sense and good will that produced them. The spire of Christ church also causes a throb of pride. The homely, wise and kindly man, our "middle-class country's middle-class president," here receives due honor where once he was misunderstood and ridiculed.

Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, has a picturesque Gothic gate-way, and a library filled with choice manuscripts and interesting pictures; but is somewhat shorn of its ancient glory now that the Archbishop no longer goes by the water-gate to his state barge on the Thames. Water-gates and state-barges are things of the long ago; and a wide thoroughfare now separates the palace garden wall from the river that once lapped against its sides.

In the parish church hard by the Palace is a small window called the Peddler's Window,

commemorating the peddler who bequeathed to the parish the famous acre that now makes so large a part of the parochial wealth.

In connection with our visit to Lambeth Palace, we were told a story of Archbishop Temple, an incident that occurred when he was Head Master of Rugby School. It seems that Dr. Temple's rule was stern but just, and the lads respected while they feared him. On the occasion of some breach of discipline, when it seemed likely that one of the lads, a poor boy, was to suffer punishment for a deed that he had not committed, because he was remaining silent rather than bring blame upon another, a boy not concerned in the affair, but acquainted with all the circumstances, wrote home to his father a full statement of the case, adding,

"I wish you would see or write to the Master about it; for ———— ought not to be punished, he had nothing to do with the affair and is keeping quiet because he doesn't care to tattle. Temple will make it all right when he knows; of course, he's a beast, but he's a *just* beast,"

And on that consciousness the heart of the schoolboy leans, when he finds the quality of fairness in comrade or leader. In this case the confidence was not misplaced.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCERNING ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

For some days before leaving London, we were busy visiting railway offices and tourist's agencies, trying to determine upon the most direct route to the southern Cathedral towns. We hoped to be able to buy tickets for the entire journey from London to Liverpool. In this we failed; incidentally, however, we learned many things about the management of English railways.

At this time the traveling public was in a great state of irritation over the crowded condition of the coaches, and the inadequate supply of porters at the stations of certain railways. The "Times" and other journals published daily irate communications from "Citizen," "Traveler," etc., wherein were related the woes of the British tourist, his hat-boxes, his hold-all, his bags, bundles, umbrellas and hampers, and his little tin trunks (English "boxes").

On application to the London and South-western Railway Co., we were furnished with a most formidable volume yclept a timetable, which after much cogitation we managed to understand. But, lo, when we had found the time of arrival and departure of certain trains which appeared promising, we discovered in a footnote the following statement:

"This schedule does not mean that trains will leave the station at the hours named, only that they will not leave *before* those hours."

I considered this a highly humorous production, but Princess was vexed. She is orderly and punctual; and while in the main good-natured, objects to starting on a journey without some reasonable degree of certainty as to the time when she will arrive at her destination. But I, even now, can not recall that footnote without feeling that I have unearthed a rich joke.

During our progress through Southern England, we found that this paragraph was not intended as a pleasantry; was, indeed, a

solemn statement of actual fact. When we were about to leave Salisbury, we hurried to the station in great disorder cutting short our luncheon in order to catch a train that was fabled to leave at two o'clock. After waiting nearly an hour, we were told by our consoler, the porter, that the local divinities had decided to make up a "h'extry," and thereby give an opportunity for departure to those unreasonable and impatient persons unwilling to wait longer for the express. The porter, with his assistant, gathered up our belongings and we meekly followed them to the coach that had been selected for us. We were informed that we must change cars at Templecombe (Temple-coom) and Evercreek, possibly also at Glastonbury; though as to this last he was not certain. "But," he magnanimously added, as Ned handed him his *largesse* of coppers, "ye can h'ahsk w'en ye git there, sir."

When we had progressed a little way outside the good city of Salisbury, we were suddenly side-tracked, and had the pleasure of seeing the express (?) for which we had wait-

ed so long and vainly, pass by on the other side like the Levite of the parable. Indeed I doubt if even that unpleasant man could have been half so haughty in manner.

We did not change at Evercreek but did at Glastonbury; so much for our porter's information. We "h'asked" every official who came within our reach during the journey, and no two agreed in their statements.

One day, as we were going from Warwick to Kenilworth, we discovered that our train had suddenly stopped, with no station in sight. We learned that the reason for the delay was the heinous conduct of an American in the next compartment who had entered it without having provided himself with a ticket. He had hurried in, it seemed, at the last minute, and was willing, nay eager, to pay his fare; but, as this was a proceeding outside the guard's experience, and he knew not what might be the result of such a departure, we were obliged to sit there while the golden moments slipped away, and listen to an explanation, given by our compatriot, of the rebate system as practiced on American rail-

ways. The explanation was entirely clear and rational, but utterly thrown away upon the guard. At last, the two effected some sort of a compromise, and we moved on.

Princess murmured.

"Stupid! which was worse, to hold the train and argue half an hour, or let that man pay his fare and go on?"

Where to I replied,

"The latter would have been the sensible thing, of course, but utterly without precedent in this guard's experience; and might if done, have resulted in a compound fracture of the British Constitution."

The American traveler always feels that he ought to be a missionary to British railway officials, and convert them from the error of their ways, to such an extent, at least, as would cause those at Lincoln to know how many times and where the traveler must "change carriages" before reaching Rugby.

But he—or she—who makes such efforts spends himself for naught. "Ephraim is joined to his idols." I have listened by the half-hour while Miss Bradford expounded to por-

ters, guards and baggagemen the superior methods by which railroads are managed in the United States of America. She gave them much useful information, and told them many wholesome truths. But she might as the Scotch proverb has it, "hae keepit her breath to cool her parritch." I doubt if they even heard her; certainly they gave no heed to her admonitions. When all is said, we must own that if the British public like their present system of traveling accommodations (?) they have a perfect right to enjoy it to the utmost. On the other hand, if we do not like it, we have a choice of three methods of procedure; to stay at home and escape it; to go to England, see and hear everything interesting that we can, and bear the antiquated railway arrangements with resignation; or last and best, regard them as the series of jokes that, to an unbiased mind they certainly are. This last method helps to oil the machinery and greatly lessens the friction of traveling.

CHAPTER IX.

ROYAL, WINCHESTER.

We finally prepared a tentative itinerary for our tour through the south of England, subject to the approval of our friends and the inconsistencies of the weather and the railways; and one bright morning joined Miss Bradford, Helen and Ned, they having returned from the Continent the previous evening, at Waterloo Station, preparatory to starting for Winchester.

As soon as we saw our three fellow-travelers, we knew that their adventures in Paris had been of an interesting nature. We were tingling with curiosity; but, of course, dared ask no questions.

That evening, after Princess and I had gone to our room in the George Inn at Winchester, there came a light tap at our door; and in response to our "Come in," Helen entered in her pink kimona, with her dark hair floating over her shoulders.

"I knew that you were dying to hear what had happened in Paris," she said when Princess had given her a chair and returned to her bed to curl up, like myself, among the pillows.

"You had perhaps noticed that Auntie was a little cool to Mr. Andrus before we left London?"

We nodded.

"To spare your feelings, personal and cousinly, I will refrain from telling you what she said from time to time about Westerners, and especially about young men from Chicago, educated at small 'inland institutions, called colleges.' As she has experienced a change of feeling, it is unnecessary to repeat what she has probably forgotten by this time."

Princess sat bolt upright and punched her pillows vigorously, but said nothing. Helen stopped speaking and smiled roguishly at the fire.

"Go on" commanded Princess at length, "we are consumed with curiosity."

"Well, you know Auntie has always

thought she could speak French. She can ask about 'the purple silk parasol of my grandmother's cousin's mother-in-law,' and other things of like importance, beautifully; but in Paris people talk about quite different matters and they do it rapidly. So Auntie developed a new theory; she gave up trying to speak French, which the Parisians evidently didn't understand; she said probably they spoke a dialect, which wasn't like the language in the books. She seemed to think, at least she acted on that principle, that if she only spoke loudly enough and in very broken English, she could not fail to be understood. I wish you could have heard her."

We wished so, too, Miss Minerva shrieking in broken English must have been a spectacle for men and angels.

Helen went on, "She nearly came to blows with one of the officials in the Louvre one day, because he insisted upon knowing the contents of a package she was carrying. She read him a long lecture on the beauty of minding one's own business; this greatly amused all the visitors in the gallery and be-

wildered the poor man, who could only shrug his shoulders and spread out his hands, all the while politely insisting, as was his duty, that he must know what was in that package.

“One day when she had no money in her pocket, she climbed to the top of an omnibus without noticing that the vehicle had not waited for me. She was carried several blocks before she could make the man let her off. He stood on the platform and watched her until she met me. I imagine he thought she was a lunatic and I a careless keeper.

“Finally, she came near being arrested for refusing to pay a cabman what he asked when he was right and she mistaken in her resistance. In the midst of the fracas, Mr. Andrus, who had come that day to a hotel across the street, and who like every one else, had had his attention attracted by the noisy dispute, came over, paid the cabman, satisfied the policeman, and explained things to Auntie.

“Since that she has hardly allowed him out of her sight in her waking hours; and with his knowledge of the city, and his wide ac-

quaintance with art and music students,—he helped us to see more of Paris in five days than we could have seen in as many months without his aid.”

So the prophecy of Princess and her wish had alike been fulfilled, and Ned had become in Miss Bradford's eyes very like a ministering angel.

The old Saxon capital, the Caerleon of the Arthurian legends, is beautiful enough to be the center of all the interesting bits of history and tradition that cluster about it. The Illey, an ideal trout stream, clear and swift, with amber lights, like one of our own mountain brooks, winds at the north end of the town. It bends towards the old city in graceful salute, then turns away again to look after its own multifarious business. One understands perfectly why Walton was an enthusiastic angler, even if he had never known the Lea. Any person with a spark of appreciation of the goods the gods provide, must needs “be quiet and go a-fishing” if it be his fortune to dwell beside this little river.

One may follow for some time both the

river and the city wall; but, after a while, he is forced to choose between them. If he follow the wall, he comes at last to the noble buildings of Wykenham's college. They are ideally situated; but, despite the democratic motto, this college touches most Americans less nearly than Eton and Rugby.

There are many delightful walks in and around Winchester; one may climb to the hill outside the gate, beyond the river, and see the town and its environs spread like a map at his feet. He may stray along the crooked streets, through the Butter Market with its graceful Gothic cross. He may take the southward road through the beautiful country to Saint Cross Hospital, whose buildings, substantial and quaint, seem an original part of the neighboring town.

There is also the County Hall, which includes the old Castle of Winchester, the royal residence of the Saxon kings, and some even of the early Norman ones. Inside the castle, there hangs on the wall, a relic in which I, for one, should like to believe, the so-called Round Table of King Arthur. It is only the

oaken top of a large circular table; and one guide-book says it is not older than the time of King Stephen; but the custodian assures his willing listeners that it dates from the time of Egbert, and was used as a council-table when Royal Winchester was the mother city of England.

Certainly Henry VII, with a touch of romance from his Welsh ancestry, believed in the table and caused to be put around it the iron band which has so long kept the treasured relic from falling to pieces.

With characteristic thrift the king charged the expense of putting on the band and painting the table to his good and loyal city; and, accordingly, the records of Winchester bear witness for an outlay of thirty pounds for the above mentioned work, done in preparation for the christening of the Prince Arthur whose name testifies to his royal father's love for the legends of the blameless king.

The table is painted in alternate segments of green and white, and in one segment is represented the king—in the robes of the Tudor period; in the middle is painted the

Tudor rose, and the names of the knights are done in black-letter in the spelling of the fifteenth century as used by Sir Thomas Malory.

Below the table, in the wall, is a contrivance after the pattern of a horse's ear, whereby, we are told, William the Conqueror, himself unseen, was wont to listen to the conversation of those gathered in the Hall.

The grounds of St. Brede's Abbey, now the city park, afford a most picturesque lounging-place for one's idle hours. This is certainly a wise and beneficent use of an old monastic foundation. It must certainly be well for a community to spend its evenings and holidays in a spot so full of quiet beauty.

Last of all, there is the Cathedral. Really, one could ask nothing better than be allowed to take up his abode in Winchester for an entire summer, and during that period forget that such things as railways exist. In case of an unexpected attack of nostalgia, Southampton and her steamship docks lie conveniently near.

The noble avenue of lime trees leading in

a semi-circular sweep to the front of the Cathedral forms a fitting prelude to the interior of the building. As a whole the exterior is somewhat disappointing. At first sight the effect is squatty; but the vast length and breadth of the massive pile, and its stately west front, end by leaving upon the mind an impression of grandeur and stability.

For a building apparently so low, when seen from without, it produces an effect of wonderful height when one enters. This is doubtless due both to the character of the roof and the dignified simplicity of the clustered pillars, which sweep in an unbroken line, past triforium gallery and clerestory from floor to ceiling.

In some respects, Winchester Cathedral is even more interesting than Westminster Abbey. Its memorials to greatness are fewer, made with more discrimination; and, therefore, have their full effect upon eye and mind.

We happened to arrive near service-time, and some official beguiled us into the choir,

Here we admired the beautiful carving of stalls and canopies and that miracle of white stone, the reredos; and, incidentally, we watched the evolutions of a functionary with a silver-headed stick, who between readings and chantings escorted various ecclesiastics to and from their seats. The service was mumbled, the singing was poor; and a man in skirts is a ludicrous object, especially when the skirts are just long enough for the man to kick them up with his heels when he walks. If robes and draperies are to be a part of a clergyman's dress, why not have them graceful and dignified? Such reading as we heard here is calculated to make one think favorably of Sir Roger de Coverly's plan for equipping a clergyman.

When we made our escape at the close of the service, we rejoiced in the feast before us. The Cathedral, having been long a-building, presents almost every variety of Gothic decoration, from the round Norman arches of the eastern portion to the perpendicular windows of the west end.

Such different persons are buried here as

William Rufus—if indeed he be—William Longsword, Jane Austen, and Izaak Walton.

The author of the book on Winchester in Bell's Cathedral Series, calls attention to the fact that there is in the north aisle a monument to "Jane Austen, the novelist, youngest daughter of the rector of Steven-ton in Hampshire," and with this brief notice dismisses the subject. One somehow gathers that in this gentleman's eyes Jane Austen's relationship to the rector of Steven-ton is of greater importance than her renown as a novelist, of which evidently he has heard but dim rumors. One can fancy a twinkle in the lady's eye, if she could read this notice; for she ever appreciated a good joke. I wonder if the slower-witted neighbors did not sometimes feel a trifle uncomfortable in the presence of the rector's slightly satirical daughter, knowing that she saw very clearly through all their little shifts and shams; feeling vaguely that she found something amiss with them, though they did not know what it could be.

If one desires real history, if he wishes to

see middle-class life in well-to-do country neighborhoods in the closing years of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, let him study Jane Austen. Here are genuinely historical novels, though there rings through them no clash of swords or clank of spurs, and not one of her respectable clergymen or substantial country squires was ever heard to say "Splendor of God" or "By my halidome." Miss Austen wrote of life as she knew it, and might have inscribed upon each of her title-pages the words of that tiresome prig, *pious Aeneas*, "All of which I saw, and a great part of which I was."

Not far away from the novelist's monument stands the old Norman font which is one of Winchester's treasures. Upon the sides of this irregularly quadrilateral vessel is carved the legend of St. Nicholas and the three dowerless maidens. The carving is done in the usual naive style of the unknown decorators who in olden days covered so many square feet of stone with the legends of saint and martyr, giving to the common people, in characters which they could understand, both Bibles and books of devotion.

This series of miracles inspires great respect for the common sense and benevolence of the saint in question. Since, in those days, it was a great calamity for a young woman to pass her twentieth birthday unwedded; and since she could not hope to marry to any advantage if she were dowerless, what kinder and more practical deed could good St. Nicholas have done than this of providing three penniless maidens with the means of becoming respectable and respected matrons in the shortest possible time?

One cares little for William Rufus or Longsword, or even poor Queen Mary's chair, when it is possible to stand by the tomb of Jane Austen, or in the chapel of Silkstede at the far end of the church, to read the inscriptions upon the stone that covers the gentle Angler. All who are fond of tramps by wood and stream, all who love the ripple of brooks, the song of birds, the color and perfume of wild-flowers, must have a kindly feeling for Walton, even though ad-

verse circumstances have prevented their committing his masterpiece to memory.

The epitaphs on the tombstones in the Cathedral close are interesting reading; and among them there is one that is so full of truly Saxon and bucolic spirit that it will bear transcription here :

In Memory of
THOMAS THETCHER.

a grenadier in the North Regt. of Hants Militia, who died of a violent Fever contracted by drinking Small Beer when hot the 12th of May, 1764, Aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will toward his Comrades, this Stone is placed here at their expence as a small testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold small Beer.
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when yere hot, drink strong or not at all.

This memorial being decayed was restored by the Officers of the Garrison, A. D. 1781.

An honest soldier never is forgot
Whether he died by Musket or Pot.

This stone was placed by the North Hants Militia when disembodied at Winchester on 26th April, 1802, in consequence of the original stone being destroyed.

One can readily see how much importance is attached to the solemn warning conveyed by the untimely fate of Thomas, since the original stone has been twice replaced by a new one. Further evidence to the same purport is afforded by the fact that the writer who dismisses Jane Austen's tomb with such scant notice, copies in full the inscription upon this monument.

It was at Winchester that we first observed that while Aunt Minerva grew daily more friendly to our cousin, Helen seemed more and more to avoid him, so that he scarcely ever had an opportunity to speak to her.

"Don't worry, dear," said Princess to me. "It will be all right. While Aunt Minerva was in the opposition, it was an interesting game to dodge and get ahead of her. But now that obstacles are removed and she realizes how much in earnest Ned is, the little girl is frightened. And, really, she has known him such a short time, it is only natural that she should put him off as long as possible. I feel like helping her, now. It won't hurt Mr. Ned to wait and wonder for a time;

it takes a great deal to discourage him, remember. Besides, it will be his "innings" again when we are on board the steamer; he told me yesterday that he had engaged his passage on the Berneland, with some difficulty, as it was so late. He'll have ten days free from Aunt Minerva and in general from me. You'll have to be the discreet duenna."

CHAPTER X.

SALISBURY.

Salisbury, like Winchester, is beautiful for situation. Here, also, the Ifly skirts the town and renews its invitation to go a-gypsy-ing to all and sundry who watch its dimpling smiles and give ear to its seductive voice.

Of course, the chief attraction is the Cathedral whose lofty spire can be seen for miles in all directions. Every cathedral has its own especial beauty; and in trying to think which is the favorite, one recalls Ferdinand's boyish confession:

"For several virtues
Have I liked several women."

Salisbury Cathedral has many beauties, but chief among them, and eclipsing all the rest, is the spire, exactly right, not an inch too high or too low, one of the few perfectly satisfying objects in a sometimes unsatisfactory world.

Hard by Salisbury is the little village of Bemerton, with its tiny, quaint church, whose rector, once on a time, was Holy George Herbert. The modest building, overgrown with ivy and shadowed by evergreens, is loved of those who know well the verses, often commonplace, sometimes whimsical, but sometimes also, as in "Sunday" and the "Pulley," exquisitely beautiful, of the Country Parson.

He is as sweet and wholesome among the loud-voiced royalist singers of his day as a sprig of delicate lavender; a fitting companion for Jeremy Taylor and that Puritan malignant at whom both clergymen would doubtless have looked askance, John Milton.

Not far away in another direction is Amesbury, to whose legendary convent, Guinevere retired to mourn her sins and learn to value justly the great heart, that all unnoted of her, had beat so steadily beside her for years.

Near to Salisbury, also, is Stonehenge. The walk thereto, through Old Sarum, is pleasant, like all rural walks in England, whether in sun or shower, provided the cows

remain considerately in the background. However, on this pilgrimage, I was protected by all my companions, who kindly refrained from laughing at my fears, a style of behavior which I appreciate highly, having often met with another variety. It is humiliating enough to scramble over the nearest fence at sight of a cow—warranted inoffensive—without having one's feelings further lacerated by the jeers of the uncomprehending.

Stonehenge is mysterious and awe-inspiring, both because of its measureless antiquity and because despite all theories, no one knows for what it was intended. Each visitor has therefore the privilege of calling the circle of stones whatever seems good to him, and of assigning to it any date previous to Caesar's conquest, without fear of successful contradiction.

But to Salisbury and its environs we must bid farewell; for southward lies King Arthur's country, the Vale of Avalon.

CHAPTER XI.

WELLS AND GLASTONBURY.

Safe hidden in Avalon's island-vale
He sleeps, the king who knew nor shame nor fear;
The blameless knight who finds no mate or peer
In song or legend, history, or tale
Told by the winter-fire, while night-winds wail,
To eager youth and age. Long by the mere
Lonely and sad might pace Sir Bedivere,
On the white sands, and watch the lessening sail
That bore his lord away. He comes no more.
But he shall live again in song and rhyme,
Shall be a well-loved man for many a day,
As long as ocean's wave beats England's shore,
Till rolling cycles bring an end to time
And pain and loss forever pass away.

We took up our quarters at Wells in a tiny hotel called the Clarence, and the following was the occasion and manner of our going thereto. We met one day in London a lady who had been our fellow-passenger across the Atlantic. From Liverpool and Chester she had gone to Bath and Wells, and was

making her way in reverse over the route that we had laid out for ourselves. She gave us several bits of valuable information and the address of a house in Jubilee Terrace, Wells, where she had been very comfortable.

It was a hot, uncomfortable summer afternoon when we arrived at Wells. We found in charge of the station one old man, very deliberate of speech and movement; and nowhere in sight was anything in the least resembling a cab. We made inquiries for Jubilee Terrace. The Ancient Mariner of an official "'Ad never 'eard of such a place, mum." To his tender mercies we at length left our baggage and set forth to seek this Land of Promise.

From every person of whom we inquired we received an answer, varying slightly in form, but equivalent in substance to that given by the station-master. Evidently no one in those parts had ever heard of Jubilee Terrace. We began to think we must have dreamed about the place; though as Ned observed it was remarkable that five dif-

ferent individuals should have had an identical dream.

At last, seeing on a neighboring fence a painted hand pointing toward the legend "The Clarence, Temperance Hotel," we decided to wander no more for a time, at least, through the white sand that does duty for soil at Wells, but seek the Clarence at once, (incongruous name for a *Temperance* hotel.) Our good angels must have had a share in that decision. We were offered bed-rooms and a sitting-room for three shillings a day each; and were furthermore told by our hostess that she hoped we would make free use of the tiny piano in the sitting-room, and the books on the shelves opposite. We afterward found that the books contained much valuable matter in the way of local history and legend.

As soon as we had agreed with our hostess on accommodations and terms she called in a boy from the neighborhood to go with us and bring back our luggage. Leaving Miss Bradford and Princess to recuperate in their respective rooms, Ned, Helen, and I return-

ed to the station with the boy and his wheelbarrow, a vehicle of a size altogether disproportionate to that of the *homunculus* who furnished its motive power.

Arrived at the station, we helped the lad to pile the larger articles upon the wheelbarrow, and ourselves gathered up hang-bags, shawlstraps and umbrellas; then the procession reformed. There are neither sidewalks nor pavements in this part of the town. Accordingly, falling in behind the barrow and the boy, we trudged once more over the sandy way that led to the Clarence to rest, hot water, and supper.

Such a supper as we had! I have eaten more elaborate meals; but never, outside a camp in the Adirondacks, one that tasted so good. I do not now recall the bill of fare; but have an impression that it consisted of nectar and ambrosia, and ended with a draught from the Fountain of Youth.

Here we abode for several days, and refreshed ourselves with wanderings along the moat that surrounds the bishop's palace-yard. This is a charming place of resort. One

comes first to the clear green water on which white-plumed swans are floating; and under the shade of the limes, one may sit and dream away many a pleasant hour. One may also ramble along the banks of the moat, still shadowed by the fragrant limes, past the garden, and back near the wells—or springs—that give the city its name, to the draw-bridge. This one may cross, and, ringing at the gate, find himself admitted by a person in sober livery, who shows strangers about the house, the lovely wild-looking garden, and the courtyard.

In the garden was held the so-called trial of Whiting, last abbot of Glastonbury, whom Henry VII, on charge of treason, first dispossessed of the abbey and then hanged, finishing his thorough work in these parts by causing the oldest monastic buildings in England to be destroyed in an unsuccessful search for the treasures which the monks were supposed to have hidden therein.

A part of the palace itself is a tower whose predecessor was destroyed in 1703, by a storm still referred to as "the great storm."

It was this manifestation of nature's wrath of which Addison made use in his much-discussed simile regarding the angel guiding the whirlwind.

In the courtyard grows a gnarled, twisted shrub, an offshoot from the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury, which, we are assured, really does blossom in December. It is like, yet unlike, the English hawthorn, and is undoubtedly of foreign origin. The dwellers hereabouts accounts for its second blooming by the mildness of the winters and the sheltered position of the shrub.

The two churches, St. Cuthbert's and the Cathedral, give character to the little city; and in no other English cathedral have we seen such elegance and richness in the vestment of clergy and choir as at Wells.

The Cathedral itself one remembers chiefly for the peculiar appearance of the inverted black marble arches in the choir. There is also a delightful bit of carving, a representation of Jonah and the whale, whether before or after the man's three days' sojourn in the monster is not recorded. They appear to

be on the most friendly terms. The whale is standing on its head, with its tail curled engagingly over its back, while the refractory prophet, who is considerably taller than Leviathan is long, leans carelessly with his elbow on the part of the creature that in this work of art is most elevated. (Ignorance of comparative anatomy causes me to refrain from trying to name that part of the sea-monster's body which serves as support for the disappointed traveler.) The composition of this work, including Jonah's attitude and expression leads the beholder to suppose that the gentleman knew he was having his picture taken.

The Cathedral close is rather dreary, owing to the almost entire absence of grass, the soil here, as elsewhere in the town, being a fine white sand. The nature of the soil confirms the statements of both tradition and geology, by bearing witness to the fact that this part of England was once covered by an arm of the sea, leaving Glastonbury and its vicinity an island; "the island-valley of Avilion."

Even yet one sees, loaded upon the trains that come and go at the little stations, barrels of apples, tubs of butter, and boxes of cheese, stamped "Avalon." One look at the magic word annihilates time and change, and takes us back fourteen centuries to stand upon the shore with bold Sir Bedivere, watching the barge with Arthur and the three queens fade into mist, while

"On the mere the wailing died away."

It is a pleasant drive over hill and dale from Wells to Glastonbury. The old village straggles in various directions from the Market Square, near which we find our way through a court and a high gate into the abbey grounds.

The sloping meadows are rich and green, and the sheep feed on the hillsides. Here and there, parties of picnickers sit under the trees eating prosaic lunches; and, rather forlorn and lonely save for their kindly covering of ivy, we find the few remains of one of the most interesting buildings in England. Scarcely anywhere else has the destruction

of a monastery been so complete. Far apart as they were, both Furness and Glastonbury were involved in the rising against Henry, after the passage of the edict abolishing monasteries; but though Furness aroused the royal anger and suffered the royal vengeance, the work of destruction was not so thorough because its treasures were more easily found.

On a little slope behind the fallen chancel, grows the Holy Thorn. The shrub was cut down by some overzealous person when the Abbey was destroyed; but, springing up again from the roots, it still remains, with wiry, twisted branches, and leaves few and small, the patriarch of the domain.

Above the Abbey grounds, rises in the near distance the rounded top of Glastonbury Tor, whereon the Abbot Richard Whiting was hanged; and whence one has a view for miles around of this beautiful storied countryside, as fair and winsome as the legends that cluster so thickly about it.

CHAPTER XII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

We had thought of devoting a few days to Wales on our way back to Liverpool; but we lingered about Wells and Glastonbury for nearly a week, and awoke suddenly one morning to the realization that in two days our steamer would sail. Accordingly, there was nothing left for us but to transfer our belongings, by hand and wheelbarrow, from the Clarence to the station, and take the train for Bristol. As it had begun to rain by the time we reached the Queen City, we decided to go directly on to Liverpool and rest there for a day before sailing.

It is usually true that passengers homeward bound are far less lively and social than when setting out upon a European tour. They are, as a rule, tired and in a hurry to be at home once more, and fewer entertainments are planned. So it was on board the Berneland.

Miss Minerva, of course, took to her berth from the start. Princess kept up her courage for a day or two, and then retired, temporarily, from active life. I read or slept on deck in my steamer-chair, while Ned and Helen sat near me chatting, took long constitutionals, played shuffle-board, or teased me about my inactivity.

They were very quiet, Ned did not joke much, but seemed grave and earnest, sometimes almost troubled. Helen was, as Princess said, "beautifully cunning," and I watched her with interest and admiration.

The night before our landing, we three were sitting on the deck in the moonlight, when I suddenly realized that my two companions had been silent for a long time. We were the only persons on deck, as most of the passengers were below arranging their baggage for "inspection" the next day.

With some remark about "getting out of the wind," I moved over toward the bow and settled myself in some one's vacant deck chair. With the obtuseness common to persons in their state, both failed to notice that

there was a head wind that blew my veil about and almost carried away my rugs.

I remained in this airy position until I was chilled to the bone, and then started to go below.

As I passed my two friends I heard Ned say gently,

"So then, we shall come back next summer and go over all this ground again, without Aunt Minerva."

I went swiftly down to the state-room which I shared with Princess and the instant I entered that young woman cried out, waving the novel she had been reading,

"You needn't waste words in telling me. I know all about it. Your face speaks for you."

Aunt Minerva visited Ned and Helen in their Chicago home last winter, and Princess and I were invited there also. The good lady is learning by slow degrees that quite an important part of our country lies west of the Connecticut River.

T H E E N D.

THE WORLD DESTROYER

BY "HORACE MANN"

The Chicago Examiner says of it:

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